WEEK ENDING OCT. 12, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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★ PAINTED FOR THE TEXAS COMPANY BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

Making Air History

FLYING solo, Capt. Frank M. Hawks hurled the Lockheed Monoplane "Texaco No. 5" across the continent and back in less than 37 hours flying time, making non-stop records both ways.

The iron nerve and navigating skill of Captain Hawks made this remarkable flight possible, even though he insists modestly, "A fine ship, plus good gasoline and oil—that's the answer."

On these record-breaking flights, Captain Hawks used Texaco Aviation Gasoline and Texaco Airplane Oil. Only quality products could stand such a terrific strain—quality characteristic of *all* Texaco Products.

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TEXACO

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Left New York June 27 at 4:12:51 A. M. (E. S. T.) Arrived at Los Angeles June 27 at 11:23:23 P. M. (E. S. T.)
7 hours for rest, refueling and adjustments.
Left Los Angeles June 28 at 6:37:47 A. M. (E. S. T.) Arrived at New York June 29 at 12:16:03 A. M. (E. S. T.)
The plane, a Lockheed Air Express.
Motor, a 425 h. p. Pratt & Whitney "Wasp".

East to West Record 19 hrs. 10 min. 32 sec.
West to East Record 17 hrs. 38 min. 16 sec.
Total flying time, 36 hrs. 48 min. 48 sec.

★ A large reproduction for framing sent free on request. THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 Battery Place, New York City

What a dilemma for the young married woman

... *this whole matter of feminine hygiene*

SO many young women enter marriage under a cloud of misgiving and of doubt — doubt in regard to those intimate matters that are so vital to their welfare. True, they know many of the facts of life. But with this knowledge there has come much *other* information — perplexing, contradictory information that frightens and bewilders.

Nor is it surprising that women find themselves in a dilemma. On the one hand, doctors and nurses approve the principle of feminine hygiene. But on the other hand, the modern young woman hesitates to use the poisonous compounds she sees in the homes of some of her friends somewhat older than herself.

Here is the truth about the old methods

Here is the scientific aspect of it. There is no doubt as to the value of personal hygiene for women. But there is ground for grave apprehension regarding certain antiseptic measures taken to obtain complete, surgical cleanliness. For instance, those deadly poisons, bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid, have been widely used. More recently they have appeared in specially prepared forms but they can still be recognized by the skull-and-crossbones label required by law.

Under the cold eye of modern science these compounds are seen in their true light. As germicides they are powerful. But judged according to their effect upon the human body, they are DANGEROUS. Doubly dangerous, in fact. First, there is the constant threat of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. Second, they are directly injurious when used for feminine hygiene. So caustic is the action of carbolic acid that its continued use actually hardens the delicate internal membranes and in many cases produces definite areas of scar-tissue.

But MODERN *hygiene calls for Zonite*

It is fearful to think of the harm that thousands of women have unwittingly suffered in their efforts to achieve surgical cleanliness. Happily, however, this suffering is no longer necessary. Science has provided a new antiseptic, quick and sure in its germicidal action yet absolutely harmless to body tissues. *Zonite* is the name to remember.

This remarkable product has been adopted by leading hospitals. And largely through the recommendation of physicians it is now being used in homes from one end of the country to the other. Notwithstanding its non-poisonous character Zonite is actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

Every woman should read this frank booklet

You will find Zonite in practically all drugstores, quickly distinguishable by its attractive black and light green package. Full directions accompany every bottle. But for specific, detailed information concerning its personal use by women, read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". The frank, up-to-date statements in this booklet are authentic in every respect. Sent *free* on receipt of the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

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(Please print name).

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(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

Oct. 12, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 6 No. 40

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

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Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

PROPAGANDA AND SHIPS

At this writing the United States Senate has voted to investigate the activities of William B. Shearer as a propagandist in favor of a large navy.

We hope that people's minds won't be confused into believing that because Mr. Shearer may be a bad man, a navy is therefore a bad thing. However the Shearer case turns out, it cannot alter the fact that a navy in parity with Great Britain's, both in size and efficiency, is a very wise thing to possess.

We do not think the case can be put better than it was put by Mr. Richard Washburn Child in his open letter to Senator Borah. Mr. Child was U. S. representative at the Genoa and Lausanne conferences in 1922. He was afterward ambassador to Italy. He has thus had especial opportunity to learn the workings of European diplomacy and politics. His letter follows:

"The investigation of the Shearer case ought to be undertaken by the Foreign Relations Committee, of which you are chairman. It should be sweeping, i. e., should include not only the shipbuilding companies and their activities, which have shocked the President, but should extend also to lobbies carried on by the employees of church organizations and of fanatic pacifists' machines which do not make plain the sources of their funds, or prove their freedom from relationship with radical alien internationals, or with foreign-inspired propaganda intended to keep the United States in various states of coma in its various relations and defenses.

"As between a lobby in favor of shipbuilding companies and one carried on indirectly by some foreign power against the upbuilding of our merchant marine I see no moral difference and condemn each. But we both know that shipbuilding facilities necessary for our defense are becoming depleted and that our merchant marine is not only necessary to our commerce, but figures far more importantly in our national defense than is commonly realized. This must be valued correctly, no matter how high is our official purpose to reduce armament.

"We were drawn neatly, by propaganda publicity methods, in the Washington Disarmament Conference into a position where material parity was sacrificed for the gesture of piety.

"Colonel McNutt of the American Legion wrote a letter to the President this summer, but failed to point out the fundamentals of arms reductions.

"The American people today are utterly hoodwinked by the published discussions about arms reduction and naval parity with Great Britain.

"Cruisers and tonnage hold the public attention; so does the very remote possibility of war between Great Britain and the United States.

"But yardsticks on cruisers and other ships do not create sea-power parity, or even measure it. Elements of even greater importance are the strength and number of naval bases, the length of enlistment in the armed forces, and the number of tons of merchant marine which can by quick conversion carry hitting gun power at a speed sufficiently high to interrupt commerce.

"Today there is not even an approach to naval parity. Our naval defense, including all its factors, is hopelessly second or third class. In cases of emergency it takes not a season, but years, to build this sea power.

"Private citizens cannot disclose, even if they have access to, information as to present negotiations with Great Britain. They may join with the President and you in eager efforts toward agreement for reduction of arms, but in this endeavor if they wish to protect America it is absurd to call them 'big-navy men.'

"It takes those who have been initiated into the practical side of diplomacy to understand that the likelihood of war between Great Britain and the United States is remote indeed compared with the possibility of controversy as to our claim to the right to trade with nations with which Great Britain might be at war. The real stake in the game is our right to be free from alien dictation limiting our free commerce. That dictation could not take place if we maintain the power of naval parity to veto dictation. To a certain extent such dictation might be averted by a solemn agreement made now with Great Britain for freedom of the seas.

"Our only card to play in asking for such an agreement is our present resources to build ships.

"Once any naval reduction agreement is signed in advance of this, we have thrown our only card overboard. If that is to be our course, we will be scandalously improvident, and any good American will know that his country has been sold again.

"Sinister influences are bad enough when they are American, but even worse when alien propaganda, concealed in pious garb, caresses into a fool's slumber.

"Richard Washburn Child."

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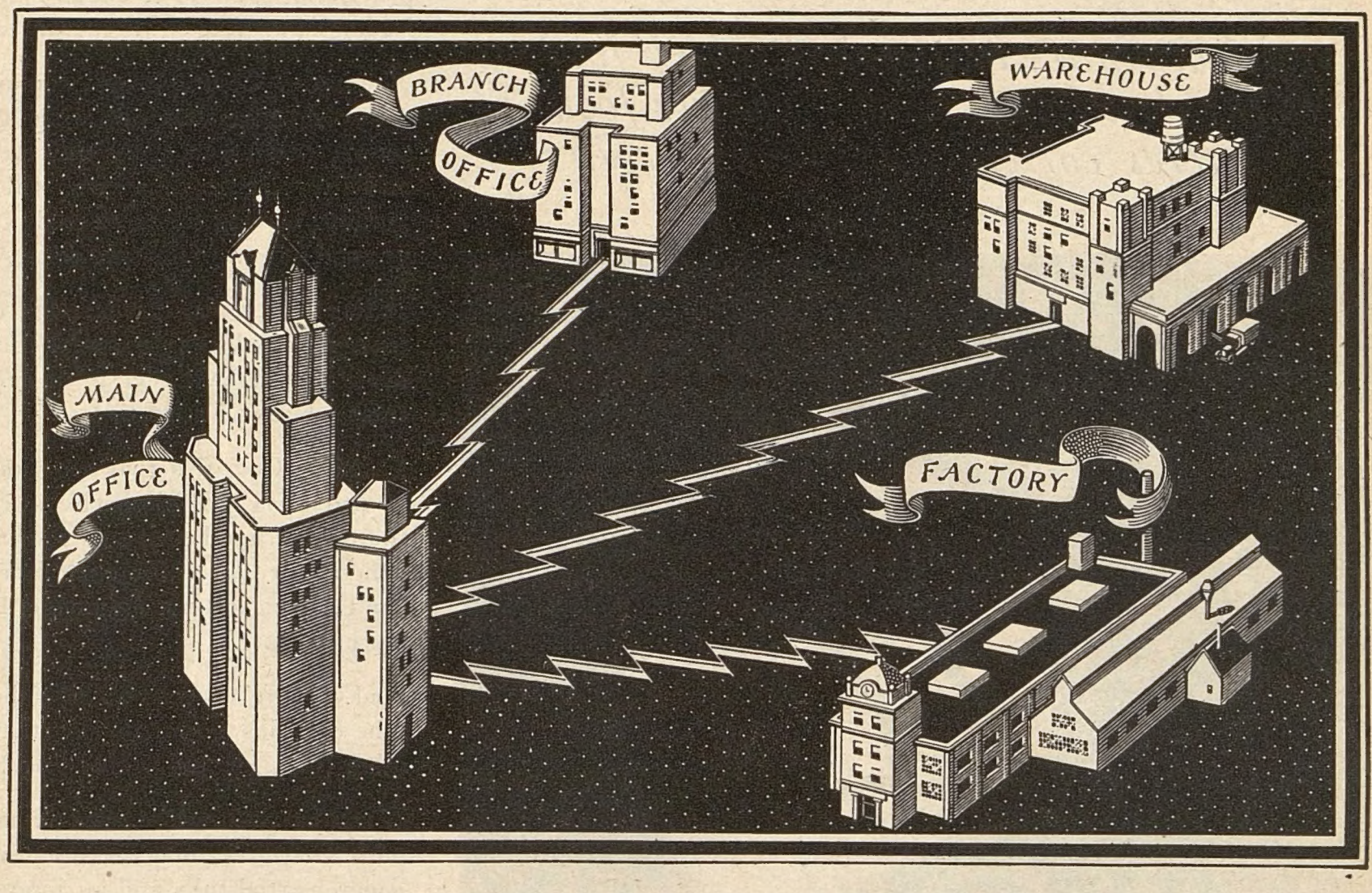
2 or 22 connected offices receive the message Simultaneously



Special arms of the telephone service are being called into use more and more by business concerns. These Bell System private wire services have been developed to fit the varying needs of business.

Telephone Typewriter Service, one of these special arms, is a quick, accurate method of inter-office communication.

It connects main office with branch houses, factories and warehouses for instant typewritten communication. It is just like having all of your units under one roof. As large a number of points as desired can be reached at the same time on the same circuit.

Telephone Typewriter Service is being used increasingly by electric light and power companies, manufacturing firms, newspapers, press associations, investment security houses, brokerage and bond concerns, banks and government departments.

Would this special arm of the telephone service bring development and profit to your business? It can be tailor-made to suit your special needs.

Your local Bell Telephone Business Office will gladly discuss it with you. Bell Special Services are *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

Compare the *action* of this Penetrating Foam

with ordinary toothpastes which fail to get down into crevices where food particles collect and decay begins

Vastly more important than mere surface brushing of teeth is the daily removal of the lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth.

Some toothpastes merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth. They cannot reach the hard-to-clean places . . . where decay starts.

However, everyone using Colgate's feels secure, knowing that it has a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The active Colgate foam, containing the world's greatest cleansing agent, sweeps down into every tiny crevice, and literally washes away the impurities, leaving the teeth really clean, protected from premature decay.

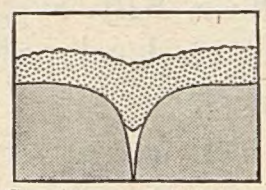
In this foam is also carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

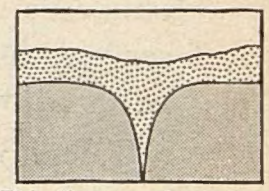
And Colgate's is economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste than any other leading brand at that price.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. R-1621
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Grand Central Post Office,
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FREE

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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Picture
O. F. Schmidt

The DIVORCE Factory

Under the questioning of a Reno lawyer, a normal husband of not more than average viciousness becomes a veritable monster.

How It's Done Today in Reno

By

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

who has gone the route so many go, from writing for newspapers to writing for magazines. His reporting days were mostly in Chicago; now his home is near New York. LIBERTY *sent him to Reno to live there for a while, see what he could see, and write about it.*

IN Reno, Nevada, "the Biggest Little Town in the World," on a bright, sunshiny morning not long ago, Mrs. Leota L. McTish (a New York Van Amsterdam), dizzy, blonde, and very, very beautiful, stepped blithely from the chambers of District Court Judge George A. Bartlett in the Washoe County Courthouse.

Stepped? Why, she just floated. Her heart was singing, her feet tingling, and her eyes dancing with joy as they flashed on a legal document, tied with blue ribbon, which she carried in her hand.

"I've got it!" she told the whole world and nobody in particular. "Oh, my dear, I've got it! Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling? I've taken The Cure. I've got my divorce! And now," said she, her eyes narrowing into a calculating squint, "we shall see."

She stood a moment at the top of the courthouse steps, gazing absently across the street at Alimony Park, where other beautiful and dizzy ladies, still doing their three months' residence as they waited for their divorces to come through, sat and sunned themselves and discussed each other's cases.

Leota—we must call her by her first name because no divorcée or candidate for a divorce in Reno cares to be called "Mrs."—Leota sighed, and smiled, and stepped down the steps most gracefully, because she saw a likely-looking man coming. She looked at him long and hard, but he seemed preoccupied. So she went on to her hotel.

At the desk she gurgled like a happy child.

"Oh, Mr. Manheim!" she greeted the clerk. "Don't you wish you were me? I've got my divorce!"

Manheim, a Washington, D. C., garage man in Reno for The Cure himself, looked at her out of world-weary eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIVORCE FACTORY
Continued from page seven]

"Yes?" he said. "Congratulations."

"Oh, thank you! Where is Mickey? I *must* see Mickey! I think I'll throw a party at my apartment. And, of course, I can't serve ice cream! Ha, ha! You'll excuse me for giggling, won't you? I'm *so* happy!"

"I'll have him get in touch with you, Mrs. McTish," Manheim promised. And when her vibrating form had disappeared into the elevator, he mused: "Another dizzy dame checking out and ten more checking in tonight. And me with another month to do! There's no justice."

Mickey, ex-prospector, ex-faro dealer, local Beau Brummell, and bootlegger to all Reno's high society, came to the desk, received the message, and in his turn disappeared into the elevator.

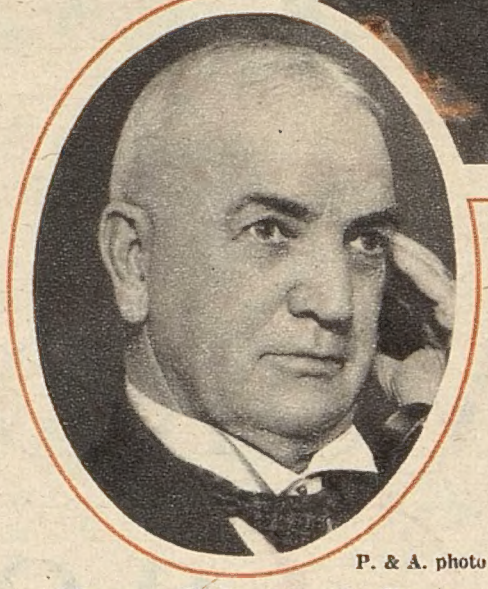
"Oh, *do* come in!" Leota answered Mickey's discreet knock at the door of her $225-a-month apartment. "My dear, I've just got my decree. Isn't it gorgeous? I'm a free woman!"

"Yes, 'tis," admitted Mickey, backing toward the door. He saw signs of hysteria in the beautiful lady, and a desire to love everybody. And Mickey knows his divorcées. "What'll it be, ma'am?"

"Let's see. There's Dolly and Eve and Pat and Freddie and Norman and Grace and Hortense and Lillian —I should say about six quarts of gin, and maybe five quarts of champagne, Mumm's, I think. And, Mickey, be a dear and have it charged against my bill, won't you?"

Mickey promised to be a dear. He had been a dear with Leota ever since she had come to the hotel three months before in search of Freedom. He had been and was a dear to about 70 per cent of the women guests, in that he was willing to charge his wares against his women customers' bills.

THEIR bills, you see, are paid monthly by their lawyers. For instance, Woodburn & Thatcher, the biggest law firm in Reno, notify the biggest hotels, or the owners of apartment buildings which are to be occupied by their divorce clients during their three months' stays in Reno, that the law firm will meet all charges. They do this on instructions from their legal representative in the East or West or South or in Canada. The representative has sent their clients to them and he gets a certain percentage of their fee. He, in turn, receives the money either from the husband-about-to-become-a-bachelor or the sweetheart-about-to-become-a-husband.



P. & A. photo

Mayor Roberts of Reno, father-in-law of Walter Johnson, baseball star.

The women, most of them in the moneyed class, are given a carte blanche expense account, but seldom are allowed any real money to spend. The system is simple and works very well indeed.

When Mickey had gone, Leota spent a busy half hour on the telephone calling Dolly and Eve and Lillian and Hortense and Pat and Ted and Freddie and Norman and Vincent. Her opening sentence was the same in every case:

"My dear, I want you to come to my going-away party this afternoon. I got my Decree this morning. Isn't it wonderful? It wasn't any trouble at all. Judge Bartlett asked me—"

Followed a long and detailed description of what the judge said to her and what she said to the judge and what a dear he was. Then a solicitous:

"When do you get yours? The second week in January? Well, cheer up. It won't be long now."

This last remark is one of the slogans of Reno's hoping population.

That afternoon Leota threw her cocktail party. Among her guests was her Reno sweetheart, an amorous gent with a way with women, from San Francisco, in the Nevada city for a divorce. As the party waxed more frank and eloquent but no louder, she got George, her temporary emotional stop-gap, into the corner and in rapid sequence told him she loved him, she hated him, she had heard he was cheating on her with that Mrs. Dingus from North Carolina, she would never forget him, and she didn't care if she never saw him again.

"Then I thought if I had to have liquo

As her guests left her, she was so little dizzier than normal that she didn't realize she was cockeyed. All the boys and girls went down to the station when she boarded the Continental Limited eastward bound at 9:20 that night, after making a charming little speech in which she said she was going to meet her Destiny.

As she boarded the train, fifteen women candidates and four disillusioned husbands fell off, all after the same thing she was bringing so proudly home. As a brilliant Russian countess once put it, the tied was rolling in and the untied rolling out.

AND while Leota was throwing her cocktail party, two judges, George A. Bartlett and Thomas F. Moran, were administering Cures. That day they granted eight and refused three, a good average. In Reno for the last few years, there has been an average of 2,200 divorces granted a year and 150 applications turned down, mostly on the grounds of too much alimony or the unwillingness of the defendant in the divorce action to give the complainant the custody of the children.

This year, however, it is expected that 2,500 divorces will be granted and 200 applications turned down. The divorce mill is booming. Reno, its tradesmen, its merchants, and its professional men, especially the lawyers, will have benefited to the tune of $3,500,000, a jump of $1,500,000 in a year. This jump is as logical as the rolling up of a snowball. Reno has become recognized socially. It has high-hatted Paris. One little lady, four feet nine inches high and known among Reno's élite as "108 pounds of hell," came from a three-year residence in Paris to Reno to get her divorce. The only slogan

Picture by C. Clyde Squires

d drink it myself."

sanity as an added cause for divorce in the old divorce law and substituted three months for six months as the required residence.

The change was engineered by a group of prominent and influential Renonians—a Renonian is a permanent resident of Reno. The group was headed by George Wingfield, Nevada's first, second, third, and fourth citizen, banker, cattleman, breeder of blooded horses, mine owner, ex-gambler (he was a square one), ex-associate of the late Tex Rickard in the Northern, Tex's gambling palace at Goldfield in the boom days.

Say "Reno" to a Nevadan and he'll answer, "George Wingfield." Say "Goldfield Consolidated" to a miner and he'll give you the same answer. Say, "Who is the squarest shooter in the state of Nevada?" and that name will be the answer. Nice fellow, George. Fifty-two years old. Keeping the millions he made to spend in his own state and in his own town of Reno. Said to have run five dollars that he put on the line in a crap game into sixty-five million, and as democratic as an old shirt. Smart as they make 'em. He'd heard things from Paris.

Paris, up to the last part of 1925, was the mecca of the marital misfits of the United States and Canada. Anyone who was Anyone and had enough money went to Paris to get her or his divorce, even though they had enough on their mates to get one in as unfavorable a state as New York. It was exclusive and *haut monde* and everything. A lady who had obtained a Paris decree wore her hat two stories high when condescending to a lady who had only an American liberation.

It was wonderful for the élite and not so tough for a quite ordinary person who could scrape enough money together to cross the ocean. But it was hell on Paris. When the female divorcées and candidates began to celebrate their new freedom, the left bank of the Seine took on the appearance of Florida during the last hurricane or Chicago on a Saturday night.

Paris thereupon tightened up, and George Wingfield got wind of it immediately.

P. & A. photos

The Washoe County Courthouse in Reno, and above, Judge George A. Bartlett, who sits there. He gave Nevada divorce its locally popular name, "The Cure."

NOW at this time there was a slight tinge of political ill feeling between the northern part of Nevada and the southern part. The latter felt itself very much in need of a state law legalizing gambling to revivify a community growing anæmic from the slow petering out of great lodes like the Comstock. Nevada, southern Nevadans argued, with its wonderful, bracing, temperate climate, its scenic beauties, and its liberal gambling laws, would attract sporting people and tourists in such numbers that the population of the state would grow from 5,000 to 15,000 a year.

Northern Nevada, which includes Reno, was averse to these laws, for some reason. Nevada is the only real American state in the Union. It is liberal, tolerant, and very, very clean as to ethics and ideals. Gambling runs wide open all through it. Renonians may have been polluted by divorcées. Or they may have believed that widely advertised gambling, running state-wide, might take their city's floating population elsewhere.

When their views were made known, southern Nevada drew upon its dignity. "All right," it drawled. "If you won't stand for legal gambling, then we'll do our best to increase the required residence of people seeking a divorce from six months to a year."

At which Renonians collapsed. Divorce and divorcées are Reno's chief industry. They withdrew their opposition and counseled patience.

But the rift was hardly healed when the legislature met for the session of 1926.

Wingfield, son of Nevada and lover of Reno, his own town, sought the advice of his legal counsel, William Woodburn and George B. Thatcher. He also sought the advice of E. E. Roberts, mayor of Reno, who is generally considered one of the best divorce lawyers. Among them they evolved the plan which was to increase Reno's wealth tremendously and to shake the views of the United States and the rest of the world on divorce.

Reno's Big Four, after drafting their bill, intrusted its passage to three prominent citizens, who went down to Carson City. There these three men waited in the old Arlington Hotel, across the street from the Capitol. It was the last day of the session, which, under the law, must close at midnight. They were pretty sure of the bill's passage, but they were taking no chances of a latent hostility among the representatives from the southern part of the state.

At 11:45 the bill, Assembly Bill No. 195, was introduced. The legislators, drowsy from a fourteen-hour session, made no opposition. It was passed by acclamation ten minutes later. At 8 o'clock next morning Governor Fred B. Balzar signed the bill. It became a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIVORCE FACTORY
Continued from page nine]

law. And carnival broke loose and reigned in Reno.

The causes for divorce in Nevada are impotency, adultery, desertion for a year, conviction of felony or infamous crime, habitual gross drunkenness, extreme cruelty, failure of the husband to provide, and insanity.

The first thing a divorcée does on stepping off the train is to establish a bona fide residence. This is done by getting a townsman or other resident of Washoe County to swear to the date the divorcée arrived.

At the end of three months the divorcée files suit for divorce. The most popular cause is extreme cruelty.

Under the full-faith-and-credit clause of the Constitution of the United States, Reno divorces are recognized in all but three states in the Union: New Jersey, Massachusetts, and South Carolina. New Jersey and Massachusetts have special statutes refusing to recognize divorces granted their citizens in other states. South Carolina does not recognize divorce at all. A South Carolinian, divorced and remarried, can be arrested for bigamy and in case of death his property reverts to the first wife. But even New York recognizes a Reno divorce, although adultery and five years' abandonment are the only causes recognized by that state. New York, however, demands that the defendant be " present " at the action.

This is accomplished by the defendant's accepting the papers in the suit and appointing a Reno lawyer to " represent " him at the trial. The local attorney is picked out by the plaintiff's attorney. He is present for his client at the trial, usually held in the judge's chambers, and acknowledges that his client has accepted papers in the suit and does not wish to contest.

If there are children, their names and ages are set forth. Where the wife asks for their custody she usually asks for a stated amount for their support.

If there is property to be divided, a statement is made about that, giving the nature and value of the property and what division should be made. The wife may also ask for alimony. Then follows the prayer of complaint, which is the statement of what the plaintiff desires of the court. The complaint is then signed by the attorney and an affidavit that the complaint is true is signed by the plaintiff in person.

THAT is all there is to getting a divorce in Reno. If the suit is uncontested, it is very simple indeed. If it is contested, it is generally Just Too Bad. In the latter case, the defendant usually refuses to accept service and to give a Reno lawyer power of attorney. Then the plaintiff is automatically sentenced to a forty-day additional wait, during which he—or mostly she—can leave Nevada and go anywhere she likes. While she is traipsing about San Francisco or Los Angeles, her attorney back home is trying to persuade the defendant to accept the papers and allow the plaintiff an uncontested divorce. If the defendant refuses, then the plaintiff can get a divorce by default.

In cases in which the defendant cannot be located, the plaintiff must advertise his or her intentions, and if, at the end of eighty-two days, the defendant is still unlocated, the plaintiff is granted a divorce.

There are 200 lawyers in Reno, one to every 100 inhabitants. Most of them are prosperous. None of them is less than comfortable. Any budding Daniel Webster with the dew of legal textbooks still moist about his ears can, by patience and industry and social assiduity, gather unto himself a nice practice, provided he has a personality pleasing to women.

The major part of the income of most of Reno's lawyers comes through the divorce courts. So does a large part of every Reno lawyer's revenue. The firm of Woodburn & Thatcher specializes in corporation law and authoritative knowledge of Nevada tax problems. It derives nearly a third of its income from divorce litigation which it does not particularly seek.

This business of divorce is pretty well organized. Reno counselors have correspondents in the divorce belts, in Canada, New York, New Jersey, New England, the South, and California.

DIVORCE seekers, like sick people, are assessed according to their worldly possessions. An uncontested divorce, which might have cost a poor person from exactly nothing in counsel fees to $1,000, cost Mrs. N. A. Graver of Pittsburgh $35,000. Mrs. Graver paid that record sum eight years ago to the law firm of Brown & Belfort, which represented her in Reno. Mary Pickford is said to have broken this record when she divorced Owen Moore, her first husband. Miss Pickford gave her palatial home in Minden, which she owned and occupied during her legal residence in Nevada while waiting for her decree, to Pat McCarran, her attorney. She is also known to have added a huge sum as counsel fee. The exact amount has never been divulged.

Contested suits run anywhere from $2,000 to the neighborhood of $400,000. The latter record is being set by a prominent New Yorker in his effort to divorce his wife on the grounds that she has a bad temper.

The minimum cost of divorce runs between $650 and $800, exclusive of carfare. It is divided about as follows: Attorneys' fees, $250. House rent (at $65 a month for three months), $195. Groceries, etc. ($15 a week for three months), $180. Incidentals, about $10 a week for three months, $120.

This cost mounts, of course, with the financial and social background of the would-be divorcée. It runs through $225 a month for an apartment in a leading hotel, with $12 a day for meals and an attorney's fee of $2,500, and ends in the sky with the outright purchase of a $25,000 home and all that goes with it.

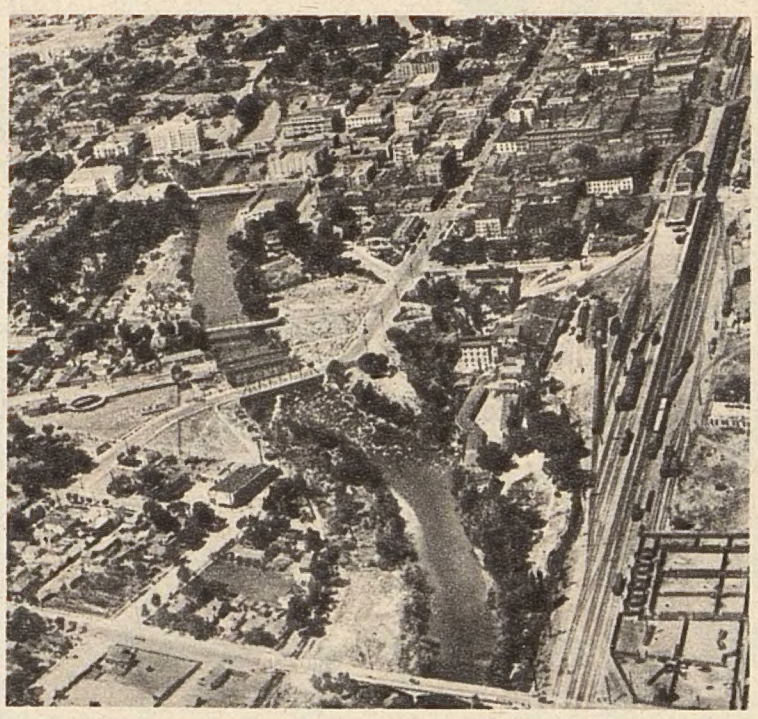
The caliber of a divorce candidate's legal representative in Reno depends entirely upon that of the home-town firm which sends him or her there.

One week after the signing of Bill No. 195, Reno attorneys, struggling along on civil suits, damage cases, and the like, woke up to find their offices full to overflowing of people seeking marital relief. They were stunned but they were also lawyers. They worked overtime and they have been doing it ever since.

Seekers of divorce poured in from the entire nation and from Canada, where the only ground for divorce is adultery and where it can be granted only by an Act of Parliament.

They came—rich women, poor women, beggar women, thieves, doctors' wives, lawyers' wives, merchants' wives, and chiefs' wives. And there came also rich men, poor men, beggar men, gigolos, doctors, lawyers, merchants—or what have you? But not so many men. The ratio of the " hoping " population of Reno is seventy women to thirty men.

Within a week after the passing of the Eighth Cause and its insertion into the Nevada statutes, the floating population of Reno had doubled itself. Two months after that, George Wingfield, " the Man Who Owns Nevada," built the new Riverside Hotel on the site of the old hostelry which had been destroyed by fire. It is a six-story structure with service as efficient as that of the



P. & A. photo

Reno as it looks from the air.

Ritz or any of the Biltmores. Straightway it began running to capacity despite the stiffness of its rates.

Reno itself boomed. Virginia Street, Reno's main stem, took on some of the atmosphere of the Rue de la Paix, Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, and Michigan Avenue. Heavy-handed and sociable "home people," making their living as clerks in real honest-to-God stores, took on the dignity and the aplomb of high-pressure "sales engineers" and gypped the floating population in a manner worthy of a city of five million inhabitants.

Startled, Commercial Row, the tough section in the south end of town, with its enthusiastic and drunken population of lumberjacks, cowboys, railroad section hands, and Mexicans, was treated to the spectacle of beautiful women in evening dress walking down the street, arms linked in those of gentlemen in tuxedos, singing Sonny Boy and waving alcoholic hellos at 3 A. M. The simple roughnecks fled staggering up convenient and well lighted alleys, convinced that if they helloed back they would be lynched. Reno is very proud of the oft demonstrated fact that a woman can go anywhere in the city—or, for that matter, in Nevada—without fear of being accosted.

Judge Bartlett in a lengthy interview called divorce a cure for serious marital ailments, and divorce, in Nevada parlance, became "The Cure."

When I rolled into Reno, I was immediately greeted with the question asked all newcomers:

"Are you here for The Cure?"

It was put most respectfully by the taxi driver. Then it was my turn to ask one.

"Is there any place to get a drink?" I whispered. He smiled. "I can take you to any one of fifteen places within a minute."

And he did. He brought me to the Oasis Club. We were admitted after an eye, gazing sharply through a peephole just big enough for it, had appraised us. A long and immaculate bar ran the length of a very long barroom. It was backed by great and shining mirrors. The rest of the room contained tables.

Virginia Street, Reno's main stem, at the corner of Second Street.

P. & A. photos

Looking along Reno's Commercial Row.

A TALL, slender, bald-headed young gambler with dreamer's eyes, John Curry, stood behind it seeking your pleasure, craps or blackjack. Seven men were rolling the dice.

The bar was lined almost two deep with men and women. Some of the women sat on high stools, but most of them stood, their feet on the brass rail, their arms on the bar. After my second drink, "the house" bought and I met the two proprietors, Jack and "Midges," typical business go-getters and very heavy boosters for their home town. Jack is a dead shot with a rifle up to 300 yards. Midges, on election day, called up a Smith booster and casually bet him $15,000 that Hoover would win. There was nothing but the telephone conversation to prove that the bet had been accepted. Yet the second mail of the day after brought him a check from the man who had lost to him.

The Oasis and the Mineral and the Commercial House and other clubs are in well lighted alleys. The clubs themselves, I found, were all immaculate. The talk was low. There was nothing garish. The women at the bar were divorcées. Some were in evening dress, as were their escorts. Some of the men were in rough clothes, clothes of the lumber camp, the round-up, or the railroad. They stood side by side and no man in for a drink alone or with other men ever cast his eyes in the direction of the women. There was no boisterousness. If a man had had a glass too much and showed it palpably, he was shut off and removed from the scene unprotesting. If a woman got that way, she went out on or under the arm of her escort. Generally she went away from there quietly, but often she found her voice in the alley to give her escort or companions her opinions of him or them, their ancestors, and the unkind fate that forced her to pick an unappreciative, a drunken, a woman-chasing, or a dumb husband.

Such places sound like a tolerant man's idea of an impossible heaven They do not exist anywhere in the world outside of Reno.

THIS most sophisticated frontier town the world has ever known has been host to thousands of men and women from all over the United States. Naturally the Atlantic tidewater states, having the most stringent divorce laws, send the largest numbers of applicants. New York leads every other state in the Union, with New Jersey and Massachusetts a close second and third. Virginia and the District of Columbia (which has no divorce law) are well represented.

All of the southern states send full quotas, with West Virginia leading at present and Tennessee sending sizable numbers. Men outnumber women from the southern states because of the chivalrous attitude of the South toward its women. Californians jump over to Reno in large numbers because the required residence is nine months shorter than at home, and because they like the Nevada climate. Canada sends from 125 to 198 applicants a year and the number is increasing.

Statistics compiled from figures given out by the clerk of Washoe County, and checked up by interviews with Reno's leading lawyers, reveal some interesting facts about a rapidly increasing class of American citizens.

The average age of the women who obtain divorces in Reno is thirty; of the men, thirty-three. The average marital year in which divorce is sought as a relief from a condition regarded as intolerable is the seventh or the eighth.

Men and women, it would seem, try to make the best of what they regard as bad marital bargains for from three to four years. The fourth year of matrimony is the one in which husbands and wives have plumbed each other and found their partners wanting.

Then starts the pathetic struggle to make the best of it, and this struggle is full of storms, of bitter fights, frantic patchings-up, and despair. All the gloss of the romance that brought two people together has been worn threadbare to reveal the brutal facts of life, of irreconcilable differences in temperament, of cooling affection, and of contempt, most of the time mutual.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIVORCE FACTORY
Continued from page eleven]

The third party, "the other man" or "the other woman," often enters during this readjustment period. He or she becomes the obvious cause of the divorce. But at the end of another three or four years the divorce is applied for, mostly on the ground of extreme cruelty and by mutual consent.

Individual ages and periods vary, of course. Applicants for divorce in Reno run from eighteen in the case of women and twenty in the case of men to forty-eight among the women and fifty-five among the men. And, as this is written, an old gentleman, eighty-one, is suing his wife, seventy-six, for divorce on the ground of mental cruelty, with her most enthusiastic approval.

Wide World photo

Mary Pickford, who took the Reno "Cure" in 1920, and above, the home she owned in Minden, Nev. She gave it to her lawyer.

The applicants for divorce coming to Reno represent a cross section of American life. The barber who shaves you is here for The Cure. So are the manicurist, the butcher, the baker, the bell boy, the hotel clerk, the automobile salesman, salespeople in the department stores, and nearly anybody in Reno except the school-teachers and the professors in the state university.

Racially, the applicants are preponderantly the old colonial Americans, with a rapidly increasing leaven of Jews. Economically, the majority rate a little above the average. But marital unrest seems to have attacked every stratum of society.

The worst marital bets? Among women, the society woman seems to lead. Close behind her is the stenographer. Following her is the registered nurse. Almost neck and neck with the nurse are the professional woman, the woman in business, the bacteriologist, the statistician, and the clerk. Then comes the moving-picture actress, and after her, her sister of the stage.

Among men the merchant leads in fickleness. Right behind him is the writer, on whose heels is the doctor. And following in close order are the artist, the racketeer, the traveling salesman, and the clerk.

THE best marital bet among men seems to be the lawyer. Members of this profession very rarely seek relief in the divorce courts. It would be hard to say why.

The best bet among the women seems to be the young girl who steps straight from her home and the status of schoolgirl to that of housewife. I became confidential with Eve at a Reno soirée. You know, one of those "do-drop-in-for-a-cocktail" parties. Eve had already dropped several down what the vulgar call the hatch, and was inclined to be carelessly informative.

"Why am I getting a divorce?" she repeated my question. "Look here, my dear. You see me now under the influence of the modern cocktail. Come on. Let's get another." And when we had got it: "Would you believe that up to two months before I left my husband I had never even tasted liquor? Well, strange as it may seem, it's so.

"When we were married four years ago, my husband had to be poured from the automobile into the church and then out again. I thought it was because he was afraid. Men shy at a wedding. But he went on that way through all our married life and it began to sink into my dull brain that maybe he liked liquor.

"Then I thought if I had to have liquor I'd stop taking it at second hand and drink it myself. He was very properly shocked. There was a scene, but I kept right after it. Finally he told me he could not be tied for life to a drunkard. So here I am."

A New York man accounted for his presence in the world's divorce capital.

"I'm here," he said, "because my wife began to combine religion with attempts at murder. She was always a religious fanatic, mostly for the sake of my soul. But when she started to carve me with a bread knife because I refused to renounce the theory of evolution, I thought it was better to be single and alive than married and dead."

His wife contested the divorce in person on the ground that to grant it would be a violation of her religious convictions. She took the stand before Judge Bartlett.

"WHY," asked the judge, "do you object to allowing your husband a divorce? You admit you don't love him. He is willing to pay you alimony. Why do you insist on holding an unwilling husband?"

"Because," she answered, her jaw firmly set, "I believe that whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Marriages are arranged in heaven."

"If," said the judge, stroking his chin, "you can prove that this union was personally engineered by the Deity, I am perfectly willing to stand aside. I don't think you can, can you?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well," came the judicial decision, "this marriage may have been made in heaven, but at the present moment it seems to have been all shot to the other place. The divorce is granted."

War, the jazz age, the increasing economic independence of women, and increasing drunkenness are the chief reasons for the rapidly mounting numbers of divorces, according to Reno judges and lawyers—some of whom, qualified to give evidence as experts, believe that marriage as an institution is strengthened by easy divorce laws.

The divorcées are all different. There are wild-eyed sirens and calm, clear-eyed women coming into Reno on every train, every day from North, East, West, and South. But the wild eyes seem to have it.

Perhaps this is because they make themselves the more conspicuous. Certainly there are thousands of well poised women visiting the libraries and the state university located in Reno; going to the various churches on Sunday; riding horseback, snowshoeing up in Truckee, fishing through the ice along the banks of the Truckee River; playing bridge with the local aristocracy; and conducting themselves as they would at home.

The sirens, however, are a strenuous band. They take their men where they find them and their liquor neat. It's all a matter of temperament. As a Reno gambler put it to me, "You can write your own ticket and set your own pace in this town. We believe that a man or a woman has the right to do as they please. If it pleases them to make whoopee, they come down this alley and try a hand of blackjack or a cast of the dice. If they don't want to play they don't have to. We don't go out after anybody."

Reno is fairly familiar with men who prey upon women. They range from the shyster lawyer who indulges in a love affair with his client, holding back her complaint papers after the three-month limit on various pretexts while he adds extra charges, to the worm who makes no bones about the business of taking money and other support from women.

As this is written there are five very well known gigolos in Reno. Their pickings are rich in a field of about 2,800

lonely and more or less bewildered women applicants for divorces. One of these five specimens has been ordered out of the Riverside, Golden, and other hotels several times. But with the brass of his species he always returns when the wrath of a hotel management has subsided.

As heartily as if he were a reputable American, this man resents any insinuation that he is "kept." His methods are so simple and his purposes so obvious that only the fact that decent men try to warn women against him keeps him afloat and even in affluence. Women, with their sympathy for the under dog, are wont to go straight from a warning against him into his clutches.

He came to Reno about a year ago for a divorce, and his first two weeks in town resembled the passing of a golden meteor through space. He spent money like a cockeyed gob and let it be known that he was the spoiled and only son of millions. Then he suffered an eclipse for three days, and emerged from it triumphantly to continue his spending jag.

His explanation was another check from home, but investigation made a long time after uncovered a slightly withered divorcée with a trusting disposition with whom he had been seen several times at the Willows, Reno's famous roadhouse and gambling palace, and other like places. As time went on his methods disclosed themselves.

When news of the advent of a wealthy divorcée reaches him he contrives to meet her. He does this in many different ways: by the direct attack; by managing to be introduced to her; by sending her a note in which he pretends to be acquainted with some member of her own or her husband's family; or by casually happening upon her.

He oozes solicitude and sympathy and uncovers a deft hand about the stove. He is, if not a master chef, a more than ordinary cook. He runs errands, knocks the late husband, does a bit of sewing if necessary, makes himself almost indispensable.

By the time the lady is almost ready to dispense with her maid, convinced that she has found a combination ideal husband and housewife, he makes his first touch. It is a small one. He takes her out stepping, and the touches mount until the lady realizes that all that glitters is only her own gold. Then he gets the air, to repeat the process all over again.

His brothers, while not so efficient, work along the same lines. Most of them are there for a divorce and pose as combination lady's maids and men about town. Generally their first touch is for fifty dollars "until tomorrow." This is held in their pockets and paid the first thing next morning. The second is for a hundred and the process is repeated. The touches mount discreetly and are always paid immediately and on the dot.

THE time comes for the man's divorce hearing and on the eve of that day the unsuspecting woman is touched for all the traffic will bear. These fast workers have been known to pull down as high as $10,000. The next morning, with the divorce in his inside pocket, this Lothario departs eastward or westward and passes out of the trusting woman's life.

In most of the cases she can't afford to lose that money. Her divorce is costing just as much, and maybe a little bit more, than she can afford. The cost of a divorce in Reno varies with the wealth of the person seeking it.

On a wife's own testimony, under the adroit questioning of a Reno lawyer, a normal husband of not more than average viciousness and weakness becomes—usually with his own consent—a veritable monster, from whom it is the humane duty of a judge to separate the wife. Like most matters handled in our courts of law, the question of the granting of a divorce depends largely upon presentation to the judge or to judge and jury. Appearances must be preserved.

From the writer's eighty-eight interviews with divorce applicants of both sexes in Reno, there emerge several fairly universal causes which send men and women by thousands to the divorce capital seeking The Cure for their marital ills. Of course, there are as many individual quirks and angles as there are people interviewed, but nearly all these applicants began by mentioning one of the following factors.

Checking on the eighty-eight, I found that women get divorces in Reno because:

They don't love their husbands.
They do love their husbands.
They don't really love anyone physically and, though married, are still "unawakened." Marriage to them is most distasteful.
They love another man.
Their husbands love other women.
They have had business or professional training and prefer a career to marriage.
Their husbands can't or won't support them.
Their husbands scorn them.
Their husbands get drunk—and stay that way.
Their wedding night was a thing of horror from which they have never recovered.
Their husbands have sent them to Reno for a divorce because they can't get away to get one themselves.

HUSBANDS get divorces in Reno because:

They don't love their wives.
They do love their wives.
They love other women.
They are born bachelors.
Their wives love other men.
Their wives continually nag them.
Their wives are jealous.
Their wives are extravagant.
Their wives have not grown with them. Generally, in this case, some other woman has.

The atmosphere surrounding divorce applicants is one of disillusionment. Their stories are told facetiously with a dash of worldly bitterness.

"Gladys," I asked a charming, piquant little brunette, "why are you getting a divorce?"

Gladys swung one experienced knee over the other.

"Because," she said without hesitation, "before I was married I was a goddess. After I was married I became a cook, valet, maid of all work, and grouch outlet to the man I thought was the most gorgeous lover in the world.

"I wouldn't have cared if he'd given me a decent salary, but every time I asked for enough to buy a pair of silk stockings, he screamed with pain as though I'd stabbed him. So I decided that if I was going into domestic service, I might as well work for strangers. They pay better."

"Husbands," a divorcée told me, "are divided into two classes: Great Lovers and Good Men. If a husband is a great lover he develops so many vices and bad habits, like drink, gambling, and other women, that you have to throw him out.

"If he is a good man, he is such a bore he becomes just a plain damn nuisance. I think this fiancé of mine"—she was trying it again after two disastrous experiences—"is a combination of both. I suppose I'm foolish to marry again. But show me a woman who won't marry again. I'd rather be unhappily married than happily unmarried. The risk that you won't get another chance is so great.

"Don't believe in marriage,
Wed in the rain;
But give me a chance,
And I'll do it again."

THE END

P. & A. photo

The Riverside Hotel in Reno, with the courthouse beside it on the left.

CARLINE

"I'm to be murdered," she said, very low. "Nonsense!" cried Miss Barry again.

A Story of the Powers of Darkness

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

who in this tale takes characters and setting from Bermuda where she lives and where she does most of her work. More usually her stories—many of which LIBERTY *has published—are laid in the United States where Mrs. Holding was born.*

Pictures by ROBERT RIGGS

MISS BARRY was a cool, dry little woman with sharp features and red hair. She was blunt, a little caustic in her wit, and capable of being somewhat ruthless in her dealings with slower and milder human beings. Yet very few people resented this; she had no enemies, and those who had been her friends in her girlhood were still her faithful friends now that she was forty-five.

But there were times when she wished to get away from her faithful friends; for all her brisk common sense, her spirit had its own secret needs; she did romantic things in a practical way. She had traveled a great deal, and, because she was fearless and curious, she had had interesting adventures which she could relate very amusingly in her flat New England voice. And no matter what she did, or where she went, she impressed everyone as a woman who knew perfectly well what she was about.

This particular winter she took a cottage in Bermuda. Her friends made plans to come and visit her, and she agreed to write and assign them dates for their visits. But she meant to take her own good time about this; she wanted to be alone for a time for the good of her soul.

THE cottage she had taken was on the North Shore overlooking the sea, standing on a hill where all the winds blew. She liked it at once, signed a three months' lease, and advertised for a servant. For, in spite of her brisk air, she never really did anything, never even took any exercise; her trim figure was simply a gift of nature.

She interviewed a good many applicants, but all the time she knew that she was going to take that first one who had come—that girl named Carline.

She had had an odd sensation the moment she set eyes on that girl, a feeling that here was someone who belonged in the pattern of her life. Carline had stood respectfully before her, a very pretty mulatto girl in a pink crêpe de Chine dress and a wide black straw hat. But in spite of this costume, in spite of her soft slow voice and her deprecating manner, Miss Barry saw in her a worker—one of those blessed creatures who can do everything without effort. She had a reference with her, a letter from a Mrs. Vail, declaring that she had found Carline neat, clean, honest, and willing. Unfortunately, Mrs. Vail had left Bermuda, and Carline could refer to no one else—she came from Trinidad and had had only that one place here.

"We'll try for a week and see how we get on," said Miss Barry.

So that afternoon Carline arrived with a cracked cardboard suitcase, and installed herself in the bedroom Miss Barry assigned to her. She changed from pink crêpe de Chine and high heels into a neat blue cotton frock and more sensible shoes, and set to work at once.

Miss Barry had been right. Carline was a nonesuch; one of those deft, quiet, unhurried workers who accom-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Like the thrill of the game . . . your first taste of "Milky Way"

You can never know when that irresistible craving for good candy will come upon you . . . it may be at the most exciting moment of a football or hockey game . . . in the middle of a busy afternoon at the office . . . or soon after dinner. It's a real craving that only a pure candy can satisfy . . . say "Milky Way" and you can be sure of a new candy thrill . . . and that satisfied feeling . . . Try your first "Milky Way"—it will be *fresh* wherever you get it.

A community of candy makers, known as Mars, Inc., makes "Milky Way", and nothing else, in spotless sunlit kitchens. Only the finest quality ingredients are used. That quality accounts for the freshness of flavor as well as the wholesomeness of "Milky Way".

MARS, INC.
2019-2059 N. Oak Park Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois

Milky Way
"When you crave good candy"

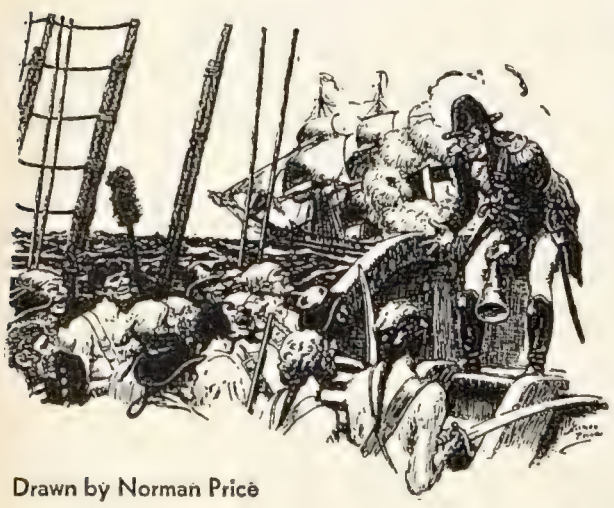
Orchestration....

Again Norman Price, one of the galaxy of leading artists whose work appears regularly in LIBERTY, maintains the LIBERTY tradition of more animated, more colorful pictures paced to the tempo of swifter moving text.

SOMEWHERE on Broadway's tin-pan alley a song-writer is juggling flats, sharps and white spaces. Out of his glass-enclosed incubator trails a moony melody. Soon a whole nation will be humming it and strumming it as a battery of orchestras give it a nightly ride through the ether.

Keep the radio dial moving and you can pick up that tin-pan-alley tune a dozen times an evening. The motif which the songwriter fingered out on his piano runs through them all. Yet no two orchestras play the piece alike. The arrangement that you will like best is the one that gives the moony melody its fullest expression . . . that puts it in a setting of shadow softness, blinking stars, and blue sky.

That added something to the simple tune is orchestration.



Drawn by Norman Price

In magazines which measure their circulation in millions there is only a slim difference, if any, in the list of contributors to the editorial content of each. The same purveyors of rapturous romances, baffling mysteries, and swashbuckling sagas recur under the banners of many different publications.

by Norman Price

Nor has LIBERTY an unique group of contributors. In the total list of LIBERTY authors over the period of a year, more than one out of three appeared in at least one of the other twelve magazines in the major circulation group. Some authors were shared with as many as six.

But there is a salient difference in LIBERTY'S presentation of the same editorial content. LIBERTY has orchestrated text with dramatized headline treatment. Has made the content more animated, more colorful and faster-moving, with the best illustrative talent obtainable.

Now over two million people assert their preference for this publishing formula by their voluntary purchase of LIBERTY from the newsdealer every week.

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

FOR 1930—2,250,000

Average net paid circulation guaranteed—and still no increase in rates!

The lowest page cost per thousand among 13 leading magazines . . .

Miss Barry opened the door. Before her were two men in oilskins, both with electric torches.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

plish marvels without even knowing it. She needed to ask no questions in this stranger's house; she found everything for herself, and at 7 o'clock set before Miss Barry an exquisite dinner.

And that first evening Miss Barry knew as much about Carline as she ever could know. She did not sleep well that night. The wind had risen and howled outside; the little house trembled, and she heard the sea crashing against the rocks. She thought of the immense expanse of black water between her and her home and regretted it. She felt lonely as she never had in her life; not lonely because no friend was with her, but as if she had gone into a new world, strange as the moon. And that was because of Carline. She *knew* Carline was bad. Not bad in the human way one might have more or less pitied in a very pretty young girl, but evil as Satan is evil.

" Like a witch," thought Miss Barry, and could easily imagine Carline out in that wild wind, frolicking, doing cruel mischief in high glee.

In the morning sunshine she was ashamed of herself for having thought about witches, but she did not change her mind about Carline. Indeed, when she saw Carline washing the breakfast dishes in the sunny kitchen and singing to herself in a contented little voice, she thought again that this was like a witch. A witch would have that same secret contentment, the dreadful innocence of a creature who has set up evil for good.

" I'm getting very fanciful! " thought Miss Barry in wonder.

When the end of the week came, nothing was said by either of them. Carline simply stayed. There was no detail of her life with which anyone could find fault. She was not only neat and clean, she was dainty; not only a cheerful and obliging worker, but wonderfully thoughtful. She made an art of life. It was she who suggested that Miss Barry have her breakfast on the veranda and her tea in the garden, although it meant extra work, and she would bring out trays prettily decorated with flowers. She could garnish the plainest dish to elegance.

She never wanted to go out; in the evenings she sat in the kitchen, sewing, or reading magazines that Miss Barry gave her. Only on Sundays after a midday dinner, her little brother, solemn and neat in a white sailor suit, came to fetch her, and they went off down the white road hand in hand. There was always a beautiful little supper left ready in the ice box, and sharp at 10 o'clock Carline came back again, escorted by her little brother.

In the day, when the windows were open and the clear

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CARLINE
Continued from page seventeen]

wind blew in; when she sat in the rather untidy little garden under the loquat tree and could see the blue sea at the foot of the low cliff; could watch the redbirds that came here; could smell with a sort of rapture the fragrance of the freesias that grew carelessly in the grass, Miss Barry felt an ironic amusement for her own notions. She would admit then that there was nothing more agreeable than a young witch in the house, and that she didn't care in the least what Carline was, or did, in her own time. But at night it was different. At night there was not only a new image of Carline, but a new version of Miss Barry; someone not cynical or amused, but gravely perturbed.

"I shall get someone to visit me," she would say to herself in the night.

But when the morning came, she was altogether too happy in her sun-drenched solitude; she couldn't bear the thought of having to chatter—and all her friends chattered.

One rainy morning she was sitting at breakfast in the dining room. Through the window she could see the rather untidy little garden, the leaves of the banana tree torn to ribbons by the wind, the frail white roses beaten down, the hibiscus hedge sodden and drooping; she could hear the sea thundering on the rocks. But in here it was delightful; an oil stove made the room pleasantly warm; there was a fragrant bowl of narcissus on the table; she had before her perfect coffee, perfect toast, and bacon and eggs exactly as she liked them. She rang the bell for more toast, and, for the first time, Carline did not promptly appear. She waited a little, and rang again.

And she thought, suppose Carline never appeared? What a horrible day this would be! She would have to wash the dishes herself, and sweep, and cook her own meals in desolate solitude.

But just then Carline entered.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," she said. "But it was my little brother—to tell me a dog bit my sister."

"Dear me!" said Miss Barry. "That's too bad! Is your sister much hurt?"

"No, ma'am," said Carline. "She knew it was going to happen."

THERE was a strange air about Carline, something almost exalted.

"But why did you keep a dangerous animal?" asked Miss Barry.

"Oh, *he* wasn't dangerous, ma'am!" said Carline. "Never bit no one in his life. Only, my sister was fated to be bit by a dog."

Her dark eyes shone; she looked like a young prophetess.

"Carline!" protested Miss Barry. "You don't believe that, surely."

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" said Carline. "Since ever she was a baby she knowed she was fated to be bit by a dog. The thing you're afraid of always comes to you."

"It's very likely to," said Miss Barry, "because your fear is apt to produce the very thing you dread. If you're afraid of falling out of a window, your fear may make you giddy and you will fall."

"Yes, ma'am," said Carline, respectfully. "But—"

"But what?" asked Miss Barry.

"If you're fated," said Carline, "you're afraid 'cause you *know* the thing has got to come on you."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Barry sharply.

For she was afraid. There, in broad daylight, in the cozy little dining room, with her excellent breakfast before her, she was afraid.

There stood Carline, so pretty, so fresh, in her blue cotton dress, and her dark eyes shining with that strange delight.

"Sometimes you don't know," Carline went on. "And sometimes it comes like a flash. My grandma, she knew it would be a storm from heaven for her. And she went on and on. . . . One year, hurricane took the roof off her little house, and her son was drowned. But nothing touched *her*. And then, when her time came, it happened. Wasn't a terrible bad storm. But a branch of a tree fell through her window, and broke a glass she had on a table, and she stepped on the glass, and a piece went into her foot and worked up to her heart."

Miss Barry wanted to laugh, but could only smile grimly.

"And do you imagine you're 'sure' of your own fate, you foolish girl?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Carline.

Her olive cheeks blanched; she raised her head a little, stood looking past Miss Barry out at the rain.

"I'm to be murdered," she said, very low.

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Barry again. "Go into the kitchen and sit down and eat your hot breakfast at once. That'll put such notions out of your head."

ALL day Miss Barry knew that she would think more about this when the night came. She berated herself; she despised herself. But when the dark fell, it began—a chill tide of fear.

She remembered a hundred things she had read; that the dark races of the earth can see what is not visible to the white; that once we had, all of us, powers that are lost now.

"After all," she thought, "our idea of time is only a convention. What is going to happen to us is only a corner of the canvas that we can't see. But it is there just as much as what has happened. Suppose that she can see a little farther than I can? No! *Nonsense!*"

She did not feel as if she slept, yet the things in her mind must have been dreams—a whirling crystal ball that was first bright as a diamond and then darkened; and she looked into it and saw some monstrous event taking form. . . . She shut her eyes. . . . Then there was a thin, bitter wailing in her ears. A mother, sitting by the cradle of a baby, stricken by the fate she saw.

"That's the wind!" thought Miss Barry. "*If* I'm going to be such a fool, I'd better get up and read."

She stretched out her hand to turn on the lamp that stood on the bedside table. The switch clicked, but no light came. For a moment she sat there, a little dazed with sleep, feeling shocked and helpless. Then she remembered the electric torch on her bureau and got up to get it.

But how the wind had risen! It was howling now, trapped in the entry behind the kitchen, howling like a wolf. In the distance she heard the rain coming, running along the road like panic-stricken footsteps; now it was pattering on the roof, and now it sprang at the windows, a fusillade.

She found the torch and was comforted by its steady little beam.

"I suppose the bulb in the lamp's burnt out," she thought. "I'll get one from the sitting room."

She put on her dressing gown and slippers and went into the sitting room. But there was no light there, either.

"The wires must be down," she thought.

As she turned, the light from her torch produced a curious effect upon the window. Very curious.

The rain streaming down the glass looked like molten silver much too bright. And the garden gate began to swing, creaking, falling open against the wall with a crash, slamming shut, crashing open. The sea was thundering; the wind screamed.

"How can that girl sleep through this?" thought Miss Barry.

Suppose she wasn't asleep? Suppose she wasn't there at all?

"I hope she's closed her window," thought Miss Barry. "I'd better see."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

FOR COMFORT . . . SAFETY . . . COURTESY . . . ON-TIME ARRIVAL—DEPEND ON GREYHOUND, THE WORLD'S LARGEST INTERCITY BUS SYSTEM

TYPICAL LOW FARES

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New York	$25.00	70.00	74.00	18.00	24.25	5.50	30.50	23.00	17.25	12.50	10.00	2.00	16.00	20.50
Chicago	26.50	50.00	54.00	4.00	19.00	18.00	10.00	5.00	7.00	8.00	11.00	18.50	5.00	
Detroit	24.50	55.00	59.00	6.00	17.00	13.00	15.00	10.00	5.00	3.50	6.00	14.00		
Philadelphia	23.50	68.00	72.00	16.00	22.75	3.50	28.50	21.00	15.25	10.50	8.00			
Pittsburgh	26.75	60.00	64.00	8.00	19.25	7.00	21.00	13.00	7.25	3.25				
Cleveland	26.90	58.00	62.00	8.00	19.40	10.25	18.00	13.00						
Cincinnati	19.50	55.00	59.00	3.00	12.00	14.25	17.00	8.00						
St. Louis	24.00	47.00	51.00	5.00	17.00	20.00	15.00							
St. Paul-Mpls.	36.50	51.20	55.20	14.00	29.00	28.00								
Washington, D.C.	20.00	67.00	71.00	15.00	19.25									
Atlanta	7.50	57.80	61.80	15.00										
Indianapolis	22.50	52.00	56.00											
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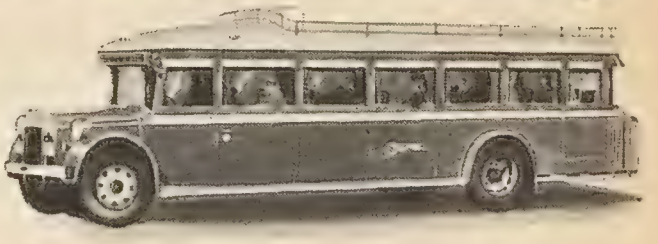

Today, New Yorkers can travel to Florida for what it used to cost to North Carolina. Chicagoans can go to the Mississippi Gulf Coast for what they used to pay to Tennessee. You can cross the continent for one-third less money.

No longer need the urge to travel be thwarted by the bugaboo of expense. Travelers in 1929 go farther, see more, the Greyhound way. They leave from convenient downtown locations; learn the romance of the open road; reach their destination refreshed—with extra money to spend that their low fares have saved.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Indeed, she *had* to see. She had to make sure that Carline was not lying in the dark, laughing in silent delight at this great uproar. She went through the sitting room toward the dining room, but before she got there, the torch failed. She shook it angrily, but nothing happened.

"There's no reason in the world why I shouldn't wake her up," thought Miss Barry. But in her heart she was a little ashamed, for never before in her life had she waked anyone just to keep her company. She groped her way across the dining room, noiseless in her felt slippers, felt along the wall to the doorway of Carline's room.

And her outstretched hand touched the fur of an animal.

She did not scream; she did not stir. She stood as if frozen, but inside her all her resources were mustering, all her wit, her vigor, her resolution. If she were alone in the dark with some beast—or something more than beast—then she must defend herself.

"Miss Barry?" said a voice soft as a sigh.

The fur slid away from under her rigid hand, and she felt the rough material of a coat sleeve. It was as if the animal had turned human.

"What are you doing, Carline?" demanded Miss Barry in a tremulous voice.

"Oh! Miss Barry—" said Carline as if she were weeping.

"Isn't there an oil lamp anywhere?"

"I'll light a candle, ma'am," said Carline.

It seemed to Miss Barry very important that she should not let Carline elude her in the dark; she held the girl's sleeve and went with her into the kitchen. Carline moved as if she could see.

From a shelf she brought down a candle in a tin candlestick; from across the room she fetched matches, and a little flame leaped up. By the light Miss Barry saw that Carline was fully dressed and wearing a hat and a coat with a fur collar. For a moment they stood staring at each other. The rain dashed against the panes and the wind howled.

"Carline! Where were you going?"

"Oh, Miss Barry!" said Carline in that soft and desperate voice. "I *got* to go."

"What are you talking about?"

"I got to go."

"You certainly shan't leave this house—at night—in such weather."

"Miss Barry, ma'am, I must!"

"You shan't!" said Miss Barry. "So make up your mind to it."

"Miss Barry, ma'am," said Carline, in a whisper, "this is the night!"

A little prickle ran along Miss Barry's spine.

"What—night?" she asked faintly.

"Night I knowed was coming," said Carline, and Miss Barry saw that she was wringing her hands. "Night I'm fated to be murdered."

THE very integrity of Miss Barry's spirit was affronted by this. If she allowed this, she was a traitor to herself. Her honor demanded that she should conquer her terror at once. And she did. She mastered it—but it was still there, crouching and shivering in some black recess.

"Carline," she said quietly, "you mustn't allow yourself to think such things. Go back to bed and go to sleep. In the morning—"

"I'll never see no morning," said Carline, and began to wail. "Oh, let me go, ma'am! Let me go!"

"Carline, if you really believe in this nonsense, don't you see that you're much safer here with me?"

"With—you?" said Carline, and Miss Barry saw the most dreadful shadow of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"As long as you've worked yourself into such a nervous state, Carline, I'll sit up with you."

"Didn't tell you all, ma'am," said Carline. Her dark eyes rested for a moment on Miss Barry's face. "I'm fated—to be murdered by a *red-haired woman!*"

"Carline!" cried Miss Barry, almost in a scream.

She found that she was shaking from head to foot.

"Carline! How—wicked! You *can't* think . . ."

She could not take her eyes off Carline. Did Carline believe that she stood here, alone and defenseless, with her destined murderess?

"I—" faltered Miss Barry. "Carline—I—"

Suppose it were true? What if all the time some madness had slept in her that must now break out? Suppose that something were to seize her, force her to snatch up that knife? Hadn't she written only yesterday to a friend: "I feel as if Carline would never leave me"? Was that because she had known? Madness—and murder. . . . What was it, swirling in her brain?

"God!" said Miss Barry in a tiny stifled voice.

AND light came back to her; the swirling in her brain stopped; she drew a long breath. She was not mad. In the most obscure recesses of her soul, in the most unplumbed depth of it, there was no wish, no possibility of this atrocious thing. In one instant she had seen that; on one instant the depth had been illumined like a torch thrust into the ocean. She had seen there old craven terrors, ancient and forbidden things, shameful but not evil. She *knew* now that there was no evil in her, and no madness.

"Carline—" she began. But Carline suddenly raised her head, stood staring before her as if listening.

Miss Barry heard the trotting of a horse, coming steadily nearer. A great gust of wind shook the house, but through it all that klip-klop sounded like a pendulum. She felt quite sure that this was something which concerned her. Nearer and nearer . . . Carline stooped and blew out the candle.

"Why did you do that?" cried Miss Barry.

In the dark it was as if the wind had got into the kitchen; the room was filled with confusion. Something brushed her shoulder, and, reaching out, she caught Carline by the sleeve.

"Oh! Let me go! Let me go!" cried Carline.

There was a sound of footsteps on the veranda, and a knock at the door.

"Don't you open that door!" cried Carline.

She struggled to get away, but Miss Barry held fast to her sleeve.

"I must!" she said. "Carline, don't be so—"

The girl tried to push past her, and Miss Barry felt sure that in her panic she wanted to rush out of the house into that wild weather. There was another knock at the door, louder this time. And in the dark kitchen there was a silent struggle. Then Miss Barry pushed Carline vigorously back, darted out of the kitchen, and closed the door behind her. The key was on the outside; she turned it, and went toward the front door. There was another knock.

"Oh! Do be quiet!" she cried in a sort of rage. "I'm coming as fast as I can."

She groped her way through the blackness and fumbled with the lock. Then, with her hand on the knob, it occurred to her to call out: "Who are you?"

"It's the police," came a severe voice.

Miss Barry was by no means overawed by the police in any part of the globe. She opened the door promptly. There was a carriage standing out there, its dim lights showing blurred in the rain, and before her were two men in oilskins, both with electric torches.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"There's a girl here, Miss Barry," said one of the men. "Carline Smith. We want her."

"Why?"

"She's concerned in a little trouble. We'll have to see her at once."

"I'm not going to have that girl dragged out of the house in this weather," said Miss Barry, "unless

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Note the elements of STRENGTH, POWER, and BEAUTY of DESIGN in the Heavy-Duty Internationals. This is Model 54, 2½-ton. Other Heavy-Duties range up to 5-ton. All have 5 forward and 2 reverse speeds.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

there's a very good reason. She can't have done anything. She hasn't been out of my sight since Sunday."

"She's wanted for a murder in Trinidad a year ago," said the man bluntly. That word was like a blow to Miss Barry.

"I don't believe it!" she said faintly.

"We have a warrant here, Miss Barry. We'll have to see her at once."

Miss Barry knew she was fighting in a lost cause, but she held out a little longer.

"Why do you come now—in the middle of the night?" she demanded.

"There was a West Indian ship in today," the sergeant explained. "One of the sailors got knifed in a row, and when he was dying up at the hospital, he told us about this girl. Made a confession."

"You're not going to condemn her on such evidence!" cried Miss Barry.

"*We're* not condemning her, Miss Barry," said the sergeant, still patient. "She'll have a fair trial. Now—I'm sorry to trouble you, but we'll have to see this girl."

She could no longer obstruct them; she drew back and let them enter. Her heart was filled with a great pity for Carline. She could not, just then, think of Carline as one who had sinned and must pay, but rather as some desperate wild thing caught in a trap.

"She knew," thought Miss Barry. "Somehow, someone had warned her that the police were coming, and she was trying to get away. That—that thing she told me—it was only to make me let her go."

All this time she was leading the sergeant and his man through the sitting room and the dining room to the kitchen door.

"You'll be as kind—as possible?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Barry," said the sergeant briefly.

She had a sudden vision of Carline arranging flowers to put on her tea tray, and an immense heartbreaking regret seized her. It was as if she had lost forever all that world of fragrant blossoms, of blue sky and blue sea and long sun-filled days.

"In there," she said curtly and turned away. Let them unlock the door themselves, and bring out Carline. Not she.

She went into her own room and shut the door.

"I was frightened," she thought. "When she said that—horrible thing, I was frightened. I'll remember that all my life. And perhaps I'll have more sympathy for people who believe in such things. It must be very dreadful to live in a world like that—believing those things."

There was a heavy tread outside and light shone under her door. She opened it.

"Well?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, Miss Barry," said the sergeant, "but—she's dead."

"Dead? Oh, no!"

"She fell down the cellar stairs and broke her back."

Miss Barry clasped her hands tightly together, struggling against a terrible desire to weep. She was so sorry—so sorry for Carline.

The sergeant was just then feeling sorry for Miss Barry. He made up his mind not to tell her or anyone else what that poor girl had whispered to him:

"She—didn't mean to push—me down. . . . Don't nobody blame—Miss Barry. . . . Just—fated. . . ."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

My Mother, Lillian Russell

By DOROTHY RUSSELL

—AND—

The Start of a New Series

What Is Beauty?

By

D. W. Griffith **Raymond M. Hood**
Kathleen Norris **Vachel Lindsay**
and others

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What does the French phrase *comme il faut* mean?

2—What is meant by Davy Jones' locker?

3—What state adjoins Nebraska on the north?

4—What is hashish?

5—What is a morganatic marriage?

6—With what religious sect was Henry Ward Beecher identified?

7—Where is Faneuil Hall?

8—What particle of an element is smaller than an atom?

9—What state enacted a liquor prohibition law as early as 1851?

10—What is appendectomy?

11—What is Sanskrit?

12—What are the three principal divisions of the Federal government?

13—What English essayist and humorist used the pen name Elia?

14—Goiter is an enlargement of what gland?

15—The name of what Spanish explorer is identified with the Fountain of Youth?

16—What Swiss city is noted for the production of timepieces?

17—What is a seismograph?

18—What are the colors of the flag of France?

19—What is a mahout?

20—What are the four principal classes of instruments in an orchestra?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-three)

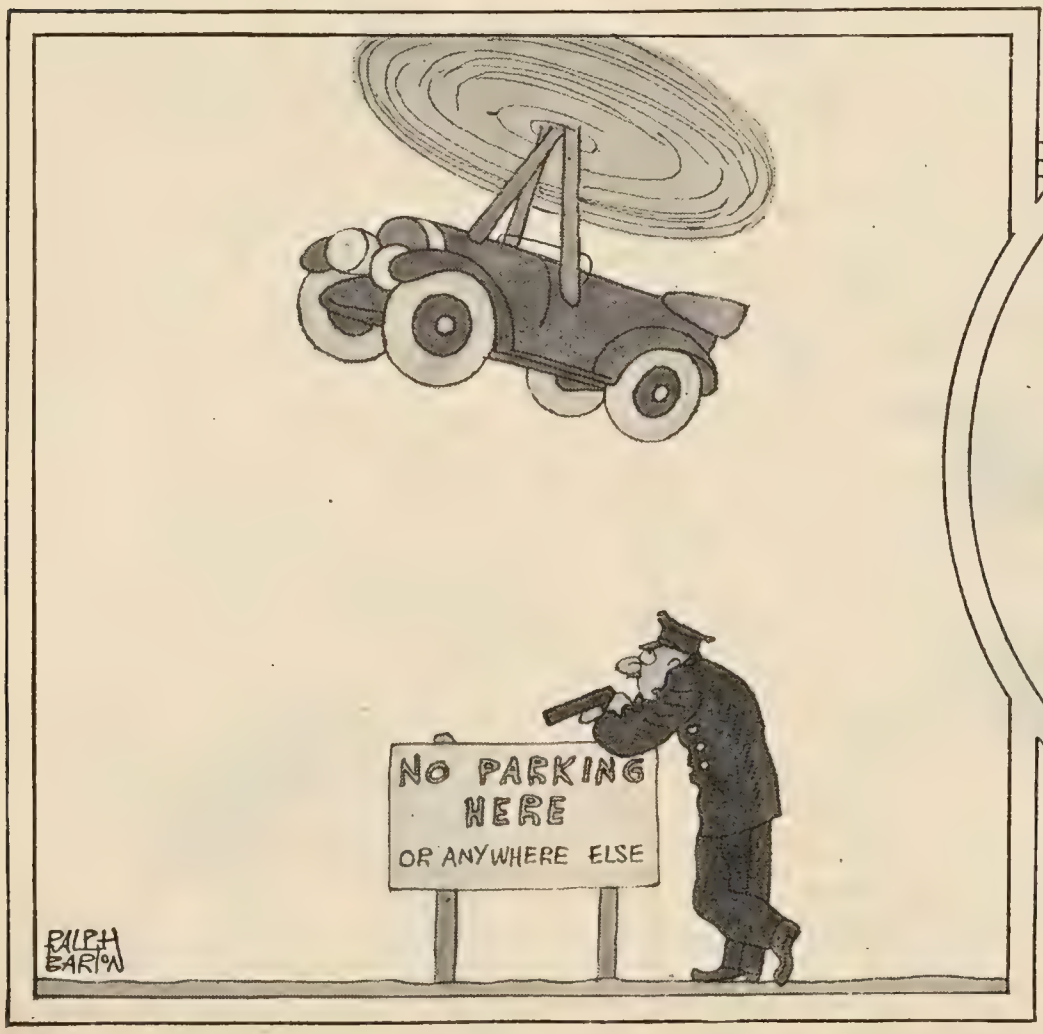
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

SAGE OF DETROIT releases another mouthful. "If booze comes back, I'm through with manufacturing. Drinking workers can't make perfect machines," says Henry Ford, referring, apparently, to such rattletraps as the Rolls-Royce of England, the Hispano-Suiza of France, the Mercedes of Germany, the Isotta-Fraschini of Italy, and the Minerva of Belgium.

THE LADDER OF FAME, and how it is climbed.



THE HELICOPTER as applied to the parking problem.

Idea by L. E. Clark, Council Bluffs, Ia.

(A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER

NERVE-SAVING INVENTION. The explosive nickel which blows up the telephone booth after the third wrong number.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

You needn't be an expert

to see why it does what every radio would like to do

YOU may not know the first thing about the inside of a radio set—about the mysterious goings-on that change faint vibrations of the ether into music.

But you do know that in order to do a perfect job, a radio set must be designed and built with more than ordinary skill.

Step into a dealer's store and look at an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid receiver, stripped for inspection as this one is. Look at it closely. It invites examination—glories in it.

You needn't be an expert to see that this is no ordinary radio. One glance tells the story. You know by the superb workmanship.

And what you see is a measure of the fineness of what you don't see. The hidden things in an Atwater Kent get just as careful attention as the visible things.

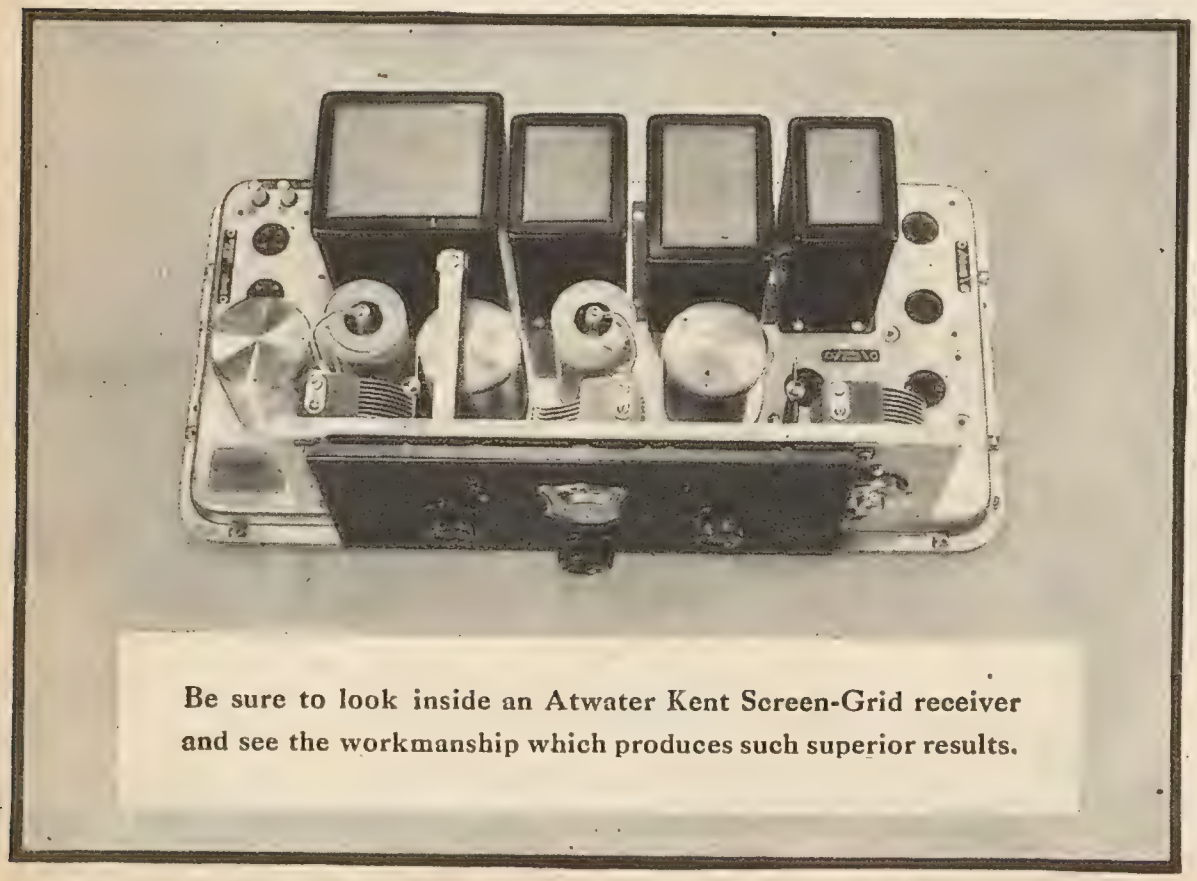
In the winding of miles of wire finer than a human hair—in adjustments as close as one-half of one-thousandth of an inch—in the sealing of parts that moisture might affect—in the attention lavished on every part of an Atwater Kent Set—in the 752 tests or inspections of each set before it can leave the factory—the Atwater Kent reputation is guarded as jealously as you would guard your own.

Does it count—this extra care, this almost unbelievable precision? *Listen to an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid.* Hear the answer in the unruffled purity of tone. Feel it in the surge of controlled power. See how the station you want is separated from others by needle-point selectivity. Find out how the miles between you and the broadcasting studios are erased by a radio that pulls in "distance" without half trying.

Of course, it counts! It has counted for twenty-seven years of Atwater Kent manufacture—seven years of radio. It counts more than ever today in the obvious all-round superiority of the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set.

The radio that doesn't argue but *proves*—the radio that most people are buying—that sells by the tens of thousands*, because it's the radio that does what every radio would like to do.

*The number of Atwater Kents that have gone into the homes of the world is over 2,550,000.



Be sure to look inside an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid receiver and see the workmanship which produces such superior results.

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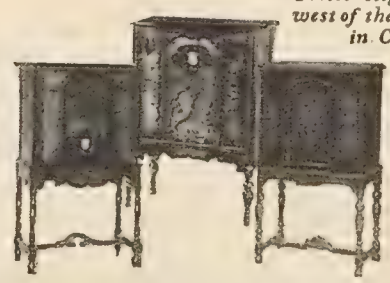

Your choice of exquisite cabinets, at prices varying according to design. Table model receivers, $88 and $100, without tubes. Electro-Dynamic table speaker, $34.

International photo

Here is the greatest group of flyers in the world—the British Schneider Cup team. From left to right: Flying Officers H. R. D. Waghorn, who won the race, and T. H. Moon; Flight Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig, who finished in third place; Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar, who after the race broke all speed records; Flight Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth, who also broke the former three-kilometer record; and Flying Officer R. L. R. Atcherley, who hung up a new record for one lap of the race itself.

Hats Off to the British!

Britain Wins the Schneider Cup; Italy Is Second; Britain Also Takes Third Place; France Withdraws; America Is Left at the Post

By RICHARD CARROLL

AFTER M. Jacques Schneider in 1913 offered his $5,000 trophy for the fastest seaplane the world could produce he stood with several thousand amazed spectators and watched his fellow countryman, M. Prévost, cross the finish line at the marvelous speed of 44.7 miles per hour.

On September 7, 1929, Great Britain won the Schneider race, the same great seaplane classic. A vast crowd saw Flying Officer H. R. D. Waghorn fly 328.63 M.P.H. to win; saw Italy in a year-old machine make 284.2 M.P.H. for second place; saw France, the birthplace of the classic, refuse to enter; and saw America, twice victor in other years, left at the post. In 1913 the mind of man could hardly conceive the speeds attained in 1929 at Cowes, England. Waghorn won with an average speed of 328.63, but at times his ship was traveling at more than 350 miles per hour, faster than any human being had ever traveled in a man-made contrivance.

In this year's race Britain added third place to her first when Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig flew his two-year-old, former record-holding racer over the course at a speed of 282 M.P.H.

Flying Officer R. L. R. Atcherley, twenty-three-year-old daredevil of the Royal Air Force, after averaging 325 M.P.H., lost second place when he cut a pylon. His goggles fogged with oil, blinding him for the moment. When he attempted to wipe them they flew off. As he reached for his spare goggles, hung around his neck, he flew slightly across the top of a pylon instead of around it. But this did not stop him from making a world's record for a lap at 332.49 miles per hour.

Incidentally, Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar, captain of the British Schneider team, went up a few days after the races in Waghorn's Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6 and hung up another new record, that for the three-kilometer straight course—and for human travel of any kind. His time was 357.7 miles an hour. The former record for that course was held by Italy's great pilot, Major Mario de Bernardi, who in March, 1928, set a record of 318.62.

On the same day Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth, still another member of Britain's Schneider team, beat de

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GREEN BROS. CO., :: Springfield, Massachusetts

TASTYEAST

[HATS OFF TO THE BRITISH!
Continued from page twenty-five]

Bernardi's time with a speed of 336.3 M.P.H. for four laps.

In one lap Orlebar shot the course at 368.8; Stainforth's fastest lap was 351.3.

Just what all this means in speed can be realized by a comparison of the Schneider races for each year they were held since 1913. More than anything else, the Schneider event has helped aviation to develop its greatest asset — speed. Here is the table of records, telling better than anything else could the story of the racing plane.

Year	*Plane*	*Winner*	*Pilot*	*Miles per hour*
1913	Deperdussin	France	M. Prévost	44.7
1914	Sopwith	England	Howard Pixton	55.3
1919	Savoia	No award	Comm. Janello	124.9
1920	Savoia	Italy	Comm. Bologna	102.5
1921	Macchi	Italy	G. de Briganti	117.4
1922	Supermarine	England	Capt. H. C. Biard	146.5
1923	Curtiss	U. S.	Lieut. D. Rittenhouse	177.38
1925	Curtiss	U. S.	Lieut. James H. Doolittle	232.573
1926	Macchi-Fiat	Italy	Major Mario de Bernardi	246.496
1927	Gloster-Napier	England	Lieut. S. N. Webster	281.534
1929	Rolls-Royce	England	Flying Officer H.R.D. Waghorn	328.633

The growing importance of the Schneider races, the effect victory would have on both the civilian and military elements of the victorious nation, the unquestionable contributions to the science of aeronautics coming from the laboratories where the racing ships were evolved, all tended to make the competing nations most anxious to win.

Men had to be considered. There was little use building fast ships if there were none to fly them. England opened a high-speed flying school; so did Italy and France. America did not. In all the world there are probably not more than a dozen men who can pilot a 300-mile-per-hour racing ship. Britain's team turned up at the course, young, well trained, the pick of British aviators. All were products of the high-speed school and only one, Waghorn, was a married man. At that he had been married only a few months.

Italy was handicapped. In training before the race her best pilot, Giuseppe Motta, was killed. She had none to replace him. Dal Molin, who won second for her, was good, but not in the class with the British. France dropped out when Bonnet, her greatest ace, was killed in training.

AMERICA had only Lieutenants Al Williams and Jimmie Doolittle, both of them record holders but both now years out of racing practice. And Williams is thirty-four. Doolittle is thirty-three. The British pilots average twenty-five—a vast difference for racing.

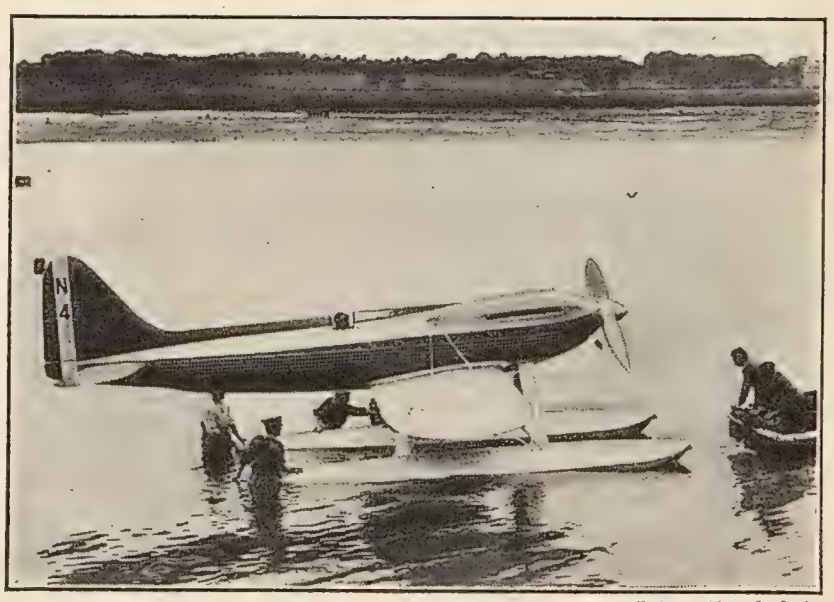
England spent more than $2,000,000 to build six ships, only two of which took part in the race. Italy spent about the same and built eleven ships. France spent close to a million and built four ships. America, officially, refused to spend anything. Unofficially we had an entry, the Mercury Racer, designed by Al Williams and financed by a group of private citizens headed by George F. Baker, Jr., Harry Davison, and Seth Low of New York City. The United States navy proffered the use of the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia and loaned Williams a three-year-old Packard motor. One reserve engine, built by private financing, was not ready in time. That was somebody's error.

Immediately after the races at Cowes, the press of America congratulated the British on their marvelous performance and consoled their own countrymen by insisting that such great speeds as Waghorn and Atcherley had attained didn't help advance the cause of flying. The press stressed safety. Such speeds were not safe.

EVIDENTLY the writers of the editorials did not understand the first essentials of flying. There will never be safety in the air comparable with safety on the ground. There must be speed. Aviation was born of a desire for speed. Speed is needed for the air mail, for the transportation of passengers, for military forces, and in order to keep up with life around us. Otherwise, why do we fly? Flying is growing safer, but it will never be as safe as ground travel.

Speed in the air depends on two things: the size and design of the ship, and the power of the engine.

It is obvious that with a small wing spread, a streamlined nose and body to lessen wind resistance, and a powerful engine, greater speed will be attained than in a ship with larger wing area and less powerful engine.



International photo

This is the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6 in which Waghorn won and Orlebar flew faster miles than man had ever traveled.

Between the extremes in design—the racing ship, and a training plane with large wing area and low horsepower—are the ships used in commerce and for air mail and military purposes.

Racing develops faster, more powerful, and in the end safer ships. The findings of the Schneider designers are passed on to civilian and military engineers who hasten to incorporate them in their own models, retaining all the speed they can and increasing the factor of safety. Result: good airplanes.

And yet it was left to Al Williams alone to develop America's entry for the big race. He got help from a few sportsmen. In other words, the richest country in the world left to private citizens the building of a racer to compete against other nations!

True enough, it is a great sport and maybe that's what drew Williams' backers into it. But from it come lessons, in both design and piloting, immediately applicable to fighting ships. That's a government concern.

Take the Rolls-Royce engine of Waghorn's ship, enlarge the fuselage and lengthen and broaden the wings. The result will be a slower ship—a safer ship; and it will be a pursuit ship faster than anything now available. The Schneider race does that. The remodeled ship should manage 250 miles an hour. The nearest Uncle Sam has to it today is 175 miles an hour. Think of that when all the world is not at peace! England and Italy and France possess the fast ships. We have none. A commercial ship at Cleveland beat our military flyers by making about 200 miles an hour. And military ships must depend on speed.

IT is the sage military policy of the big powers of Europe that has left us behind in the air. Over there they have divided their defense forces into three separate parts: army, navy, and air. We keep half our air forces under the army and half under the navy. And it's not too much to repeat that we keep the air forces literally *under* the army and navy.

In Europe the aviation branches of the defense forces are responsible for their own progress. Air-minded men control and direct them. Over here ancient admirals and generals, who were settled in their ways when aviation was born, dictate the policy. To them aviation is still a stepchild. They do not understand.

These are the men who will spend millions on "fast tanks" that will make thirty or forty miles an hour, millions on submarines and battleships that crawl along the surface or under water. But not one cent above the small amount wrung from them will they give for racing airplanes that will evolve into the swiftest arm of defense. They should not be blamed. But flying men should be put in charge of flying.

Control of aviation in America must pass from these old fellows into the hands of men who know and understand it. Great Britain did it years ago. Italy did it. France did it. And the result has been that the eyes of the world were turned to England for the greatest aviation spectacle of the year, with Italy valiantly fighting for second place, and America able only to look on and wonder at the other fellows' achievements—a funny place for us to be.

Of the big race itself, little remains to be said. Italy would have done better not to have kicked at England's refusal to postpone the event. That her best pilot was killed was hard luck—Italy's, not England's.

For the Schneider race begins immediately after the last one is run. That is, months of preparation are needed. It is part of the victory to be present at the post when the word is given to start, a large part. France wasn't ready. She lost to Great Britain. America wasn't ready. The British licked her, too. Italy, angry at her request for delay being denied, entered the contest anyway. She took an honorable second place. France had the ships but wouldn't trust her pilots after Bonnet's death.

The story of America's attempt to get into the race should be told. Half comedy—for we are the richest nation on earth; half tragic—for it was a lone man's fight against odds that proved too heavy—it will go down

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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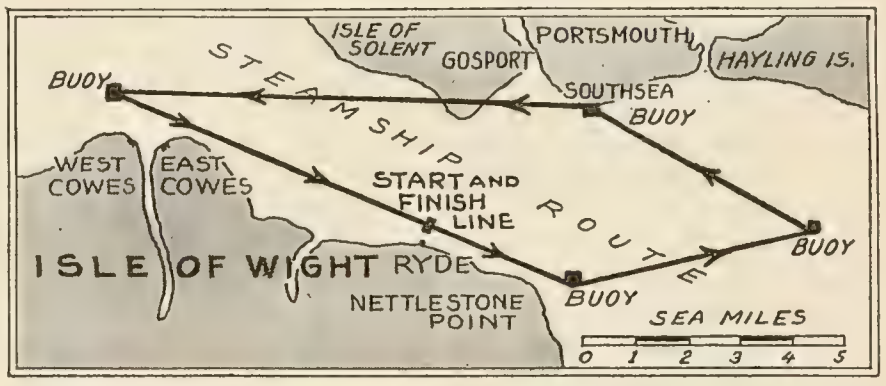
[HATS OFF TO THE BRITISH!
Continued from page twenty-seven]

as a dismal flop that could have been a glorious achievement. I was assigned to the story and followed it through from the start. Here it is:

I had known Al Williams for some time, had written his life story for LIBERTY a year before the Schneider plans came up. Throughout the building of the Mercury racer I had seen it often at Philadelphia, from the first framing to the finished ship.

Williams kept every detail of the building in his own hands. I never saw a man with such capacity for work, for infinite detail. From the rough blueprints and the first model, through every month of the year of its building he saw everybody, inspected everything, and in between times drummed up the needed money. I followed him every step of the way, and when he finally ordered the completed racer shipped from the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia to Annapolis for its first water and air tests, I went with him, as hopeful as himself.



The course of the 1929 Schneider Cup race off Cowes, England.

Let it be clearly understood how enormous was the task he had undertaken. Alone he had dreamed of a ship that would be faster than anything on earth, a ship that would win the Schneider. In 1927 he had first urged his dreams on paper, built his racer, and fallen short of the Schneider mark when he failed to get ready in time. He had found men willing to back his venture then. He found them again for the Schneider race of this year, sportsmen willing to take a long chance. What a chance it was!

To capture the Schneider trophy he had to defeat England, Italy, and France, three great nations that were in to win.

He had been forced to go from office to office, collecting from wealthy men the money necessary. He found, as I soon discovered for myself, that our government was against spending money for anything that might remotely jar the harmony of the Kellogg peace treaty.

IN the beginning of his venture several high officials of the navy were snickering at the craziness of it. As he brought his plans nearer to realization these same officials were willing to step in for a share of the honor and glory that would surely come with success. From the beginning the speed ace found one friend in Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, who thinks and dreams airwise himself. Otherwise, departmental politics crowded in.

On the 4th of August the impossible had been achieved. The Mercury racer, complete at last, was ordered to Annapolis. The Naval Academy was chosen because the prevailing wind there was from the sea, thus enabling the pilot to start his motor at the wharf, taxi out into Chesapeake Bay, and take off with clear water ahead. He had figured on a run of two miles before his ship lifted, thus making it necessary to have at least five miles free of obstructions should anything go wrong at the take-off.

On that day I flew with Williams to Washington, where the final details were arranged, and then went with him in his car to Annapolis, which, center of naval training though it is, and boasting a primary flying course, yet has no landing field for landplanes. But Williams did not let the ground handicap his speed. In his Ford coupé we covered the thirty miles in forty minutes. The man has speed in his very system.

AT his home that night Mrs. Williams, Al, and myself discussed the Schneider races and America's chances. We all admitted they were slim.

The Mercury arrived the next morning on the mine sweeper Sandpiper, and was lifted in its cradle to Santee Wharf inside the walls of the Academy.

Williams had counted on a quiet testing period with nobody around to distract him. He had reckoned without the press. The first job he found for himself the morning of his ship's arrival was to pacify more than a score of newspaper men and photographers who had materialized from nowhere to be in on what they sensed might be one of the greatest aviation stories of the era.

The navy had denied them admittance to the dock where the Mercury lay in her cradle—a beautiful thing in navy blue, speed showing in every slim line of her.

Captain William F. Halsey, genial commander at the Academy, and himself one of the few higher naval officers who fly, acting under instructions from Washington, had ordered his men to seize all cameras wherever a picture was snapped. When Williams arrived at the dock they had already taken two cameras from New York photographers who had raced past the guarded wharf in a speed boat. I spent the rest of the day trying to get these cameras returned. Convinced that his venture had grown

too big to be withheld from the public, which he was, after all, representing, Williams arranged to have morning and evening conferences with the press.

The first day was spent going over the tiny racer. Six picked mechanics, brought from Philadelphia where they had worked on the ship from the beginning, were busy putting in oil, gasoline, and water. When the last check was made it was too late in the day to attempt a flight.

But the excitement of the venture was rising. Every man at Annapolis knew that on the Mercury's slender wings rested America's chance for the highest honors in aviation; sensed also the dramatic appeal in one man challenging the dead-earnest competition of three powerful nations. If he should race—and win!

On the porch of his home that night, looking out over the placid waters of the Severn River, Al Williams and his wife and their friends gathered, not to discuss the race or the coming trials, but to sing old songs in the Maryland moonlight and forget the enormousness of the task.

Williams strums a mean guitar.

EARLY morning found us all at the wharf where the mechanics were again servicing the plane, this time preparing her finally for the water. By noon she was ready to be lowered over the side for the first time. It was a thrilling moment. The thousands lining the banks set up a cheer as the winged engine's pontoons touched the water. The next few hours were to tell us, we thought, whether the dreams of a man, the work of years, and the expenditure of more than $175,000 had been in vain.

Mrs. Williams stood on the dock, her eyes following her husband as he moved swiftly among the mechanics. She, who had seen him take his navy pursuit ship aloft and tie it into knots, to the envy of other pilots who had not his skill—who had seen him swirl through space at unbelievable speed, a man astride a lightning bolt—now saw him prepare for the greatest effort of his career. If this failed, what mattered other deeds, dwarfed by comparison? It was her husband's future that Boatswain Mealy of the Sandpiper was lowering into Dewey Basin.

The racer rested gracefully at the foot of the dock, anchored by her nose to a raft on which was set the starting mechanism. Men were swarming over her, removing platforms, making adjustments, before Al himself climbed into the tiny cockpit built exactly to his measure.

Then the inevitable happened. Four mechanics stepped at one time on the right pontoon. It started to sink. The racer listed heavily. The crowd, ignorant of what was going on and seeing only the right wing of the Mercury slipping under the water, held its breath. Not one man spoke. The ship settled slowly. The right wing-tip submerged. Williams turned,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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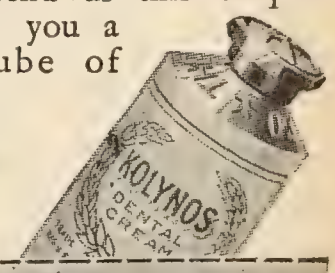

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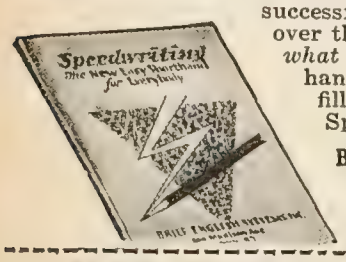

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[HATS OFF TO THE BRITISH! Continued from page twenty-nine]

saw what was happening, and roared in a voice that could have been heard in Washington:

"Get to hell off that pontoon! Overboard!"

The men leaped clear into the water. The racer refused to right herself. Half the wing was under water. All of us thought she was doomed.

Nothing like that. The wing had caught under the float. Williams himself pushed it clear and, with a man in a small boat lifting the wing, she rose buoyantly to the surface. But the close shave left us all feeling sick.

There was no testing that day. The incident had brought up the question of flotation. The racer had then only thirty gallons of gasoline in her tanks, just enough for a short run. For the Schneider course of 218 miles she must carry ninety gallons, 600 pounds more on a ship already trimmed to the danger mark. Could she carry it?

The first slim shadow of doubt crept into the camp.

That evening at Al's home we read a cable from the Royal Aero Club of England wishing him good luck and promising every coöperation at Cowes. It had the effect of making Al more anxious than ever to get his ship across.

THE next day, August 9, shortly after noon, Williams got the big motor started and, with smoke and flame belching from her exhausts, headed his ship down the river. Again the crowds lining the banks set up a cheer, lost this time in the roar of the motor. Small boats headed in and out in the Mercury's path. Captain Halsey sent out sailors in speed boats to clear the course and Williams, with a clear path at last, gave the Mercury the gun. Immediately she was lost to sight in a bank of smoke and spray as she tore through the water. I had left Mrs. Williams nervously pacing the deck of the Rene Mercedes, moored at the outside pier, whence she could command a better view of the bay, and had followed the Mercury in a speed boat.

Nearly a mile and a half from the starting point the Mercury tore along, now barely skimming the tops of the waves.

She was easily doing 110 miles an hour. Then she slowed down, her prop stopped, and Williams stood up in the cockpit, waving to the speed boat nearest him.

The second of what was to be a succession of bad breaks had occurred. As the Mercury gathered speed the suction of the big propeller had thrown the water against the blades so violently as to bend one of them. Williams had to cut his gun. Taking off with a bent prop would mean shaking his ship to pieces.

THERE was nothing to do but wait until a new prop could be brought from Philadelphia and installed.

P. & A. photos

The Mercury racer with which Al Williams strove to enter the Schneider Cup race for America; at the right, Al himself.

That meant the loss of valuable days. We had figured that to be in time for the Schneider races the Mercury should be shipped from New York for England not later than August 24. That would give Williams little enough time to look over the English course.

The next day we received the news that Major Florentin Bonnet, the Al Williams of France, had been killed while training for the Schneider, and France would withdraw.

Followed days of tense waiting. The new propeller was installed. Captain H. C. Richardson, one of the country's foremost experts on floating equipment, had flown down from New York and gone over the ship with Williams, finally pronouncing the Mercury's pontoons buoyant enough to complete the tests, but advising Williams to enlarge them to take care of the additional weight necessary for the race. In this decision he had the support of John S. Kean, who had supervised the designing of the ship.

With everything ready, however, Annapolis' famous prevailing wind no longer prevailed. It now blew offshore, making a take-off impossible. During the waiting period, news was received that Britain's new Schneider plane, the Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6, had flown 330 miles an hour at a first test.

Government officials came down

from Washington to look the Mercury. over. David S. Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy in charge of aviation, called to wish Williams luck and assure him of complete coöperation from the navy.

Then the ground flyers got captious. They wanted to know why Williams did not risk a flight, why he was so cautious, and they kept it up until they drew a reply. His first answer, given to me to convey, was to tell them to go to the devil. His next was an explanation. He said, " I have one ship, built at great cost. There is no substitute if anything goes wrong. It will take months to build another. All our money is in this racer. It is my responsibility, and I will fly it when I know it is safe to do so and not one damn second before. As for the Schneider Cup race, if my ship flies as I expect it to, I will go. If it doesn't, I can't."

ANOTHER watchful week went by with Williams riding on his nerve, harassed by advisers, by friends, by engineers, and by his own impatience. Admiral Moffett, keeping in constant touch with affairs, thought it high time that Williams himself should be taken care of. He sent Lieutenant Commander J. O. Poppen down from Washington to look the pilot over. Poppen, Chief of the Medical Division of the Bureau, while finding his medical services unnecessary, thought it wise to take charge himself of the thousand irritating details burdening Williams. This he did, telling Al to resume his moonlight singing and forget about the Mercury.

On August 18, taking advantage of a gentle onshore breeze, Al shot the little racer down the bay at 109 miles an hour, lifted her gently into the air for a few hundred yards, keeping her about four feet off the water—incidentally, the most dangerous position in flight and the hardest for control—and set her down again.

Another minor defect had halted the test; this time his gasoline pressure was too low and the second propeller had been slightly bent. Also Williams had noticed that the torque of the powerful propeller tended to tip the little ship over. Later he remedied this by putting all his gasoline in the opposite pontoon.

Williams had learned all he wanted to know. With a more powerful engine, which was now waiting at the factory in Philadelphia and which could be installed in the Mercury on board the liner going over, he believed he had a ship that could not only fly but fly faster than any other. He was afraid of his old engine but had not had time to change it for the tests.

The next day the wind was wrong again and the water rough. No flight could be attempted. In Washington, Secretary Ingalls announced that tests must be conducted by the evening of the 20th or the Mercury would have to go to England untried. Williams was ready to leave on the order

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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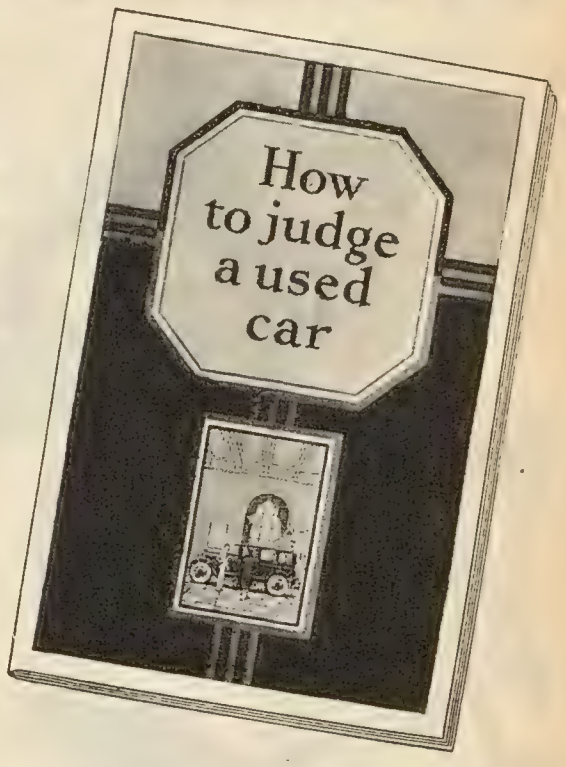

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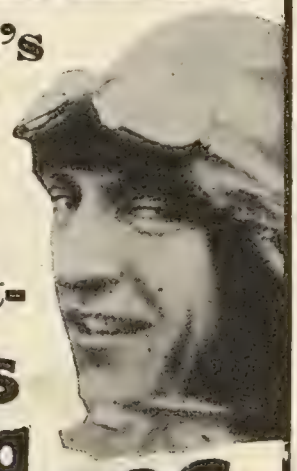

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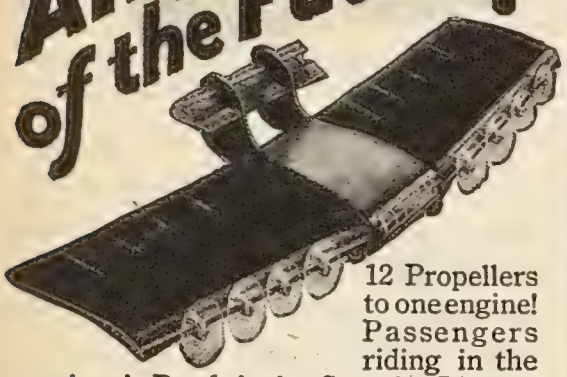

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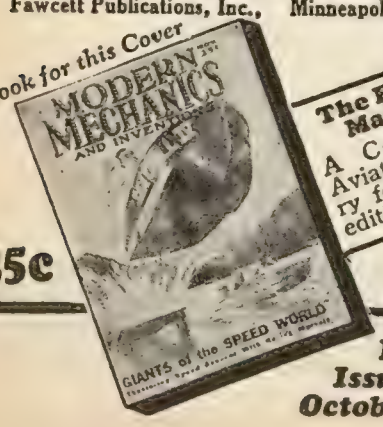

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[HATS OFF TO THE BRITISH! Continued from page thirty-one]

to go. Everything necessary to be done to the ship he could do going over. To wait longer at Annapolis meant dwindling chances. Ingalls favored his going. Everyone at Annapolis believed it the one way to get an American ship in the race.

So sure were all of the necessity for immediate action that on the evening of the 20th, after the weather had again proved adverse, the racer was ordered crated and put aboard the Sandpiper to be taken to New York for shipment. There was a rush for passports for the crew. Excitement ran high.

The following morning Williams was called to Washington for a conference with the heads of the aeronautics branch of the navy. Admiral Moffett was not present, having been called suddenly—too suddenly—to the coast, leaving affairs in the hands of subordinates who would have to take the burden of a decision sending an untried ship to England or else keeping America definitely out of the Schneider race through unwillingness to take a sporting chance at the end of a long, long trail.

THE conference decided that a full test must be made and Williams, sore and disappointed, came back to Annapolis. That was August 21, with three days to go. That afternoon Williams came down to the dock, ordered the Mercury into the water, and, grim and silent, climbed into the cockpit. It was evident to all who knew the man that the Mercury would fly that day if it was humanly possible to make it fly.

Mrs. Williams, better than anyone else, knew what was happening and knew her husband's temperament. Standing on the deck of the Rene Mercedes in Captain Halsey's private quarters, she watched the Mercury once more roar down the waterway, her husband's helmeted head barely visible behind the streamline windshield. She saw the Mercury ride, at a speed of 120 miles an hour, into the swell of a passing ferry and rock crazily as the big waves crashed against her pontoons. She saw Al bring the racer to a halt, climb aboard a speed boat, and race back to the starting point. She saw him start again and stop again. Saw him start a third time and race along with the bulletlike craft straining to rise from the water—only to slow down suddenly almost at the point of take-off, where the motor stopped, and her husband slumped dizzily in his seat gasping for air. It was a rotten session for her.

Williams had come near his end on that last attempt. Only the sure instinct of the veteran pilot had saved him. Fumes from the engine, getting into his unventilated cockpit, had overcome him.

For seconds he was unconscious at the controls of the speeding Mercury. He had cut the switch as

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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If you want to be noticed by men who count, look neat. Start using Hair Groom. A little every morning and you can comb your hair in the style that best suits you. It will stay that way all day. Ask any druggist for Hair Groom—paste or liquid.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

his senses left him and the action had saved his life.

The following day Captain Giuseppe Motta, member of the Italian racing team, was killed when his plane crashed at 300 feet. It was believed at Annapolis that Motta too was overcome by fumes, but recovered too late to save himself. His ship was already in the air.

That day also Williams got his first hope of a decent break. Everything had gone against him, including the weather. Now Italy, as the result of Motta's death, asked for a postponement of the race. Should England grant it Williams' time hazard would be eliminated and his test could be made. But even while waiting for weather that would not come, he got the bad news. England refused to postpone the race. Nor could she be blamed. It was part of the race that all entrants should be ready.

With one day left Williams decided to take no risk of adverse winds. It was arranged to carry the ship out into the middle of the bay on board the Sandpiper, bring the floats and the starting equipment with her, and take off regardless. The Sandpiper left Annapolis at 6:30 Sunday morning, finally anchoring off Claiborne in the lee of the land. There Al made his last try.

No need to go into the agony of it. Three times Williams raced down the course trying to lift his ship. He failed. And I never saw a man so despondent. On his last attempt, when his ship stopped he hailed the speed boat, climbed aboard without a word to anyone, sped to where his Hawk pursuit ship was riding at anchor, climbed in, and literally tore her from the water in a crazy burst of speed. It was great flying and dangerous. Perhaps it gave him relief. His wife, who had seen it all from the deck of the Sandpiper, and to whom he had waved in passing, got aboard another seaplane and followed him home. No one went near them for hours.

DR. POPPEN made the official announcement. The American entry was withdrawn from the Schneider race. At the same time he announced that Williams would immediately install the new engine, then reported developing 1,400 horsepower in the block tests at Philadelphia, or nearly 400 more than the present one, and the navy speed pilot would go out after the three-kilometer record. Williams had talked of this before. Often he had hinted that the three-kilometer record was his real object for the Mercury. I suspect such talk was his assurance to himself that in the event of failing for the Schneider race he would have something left for the Mercury to do.

That night I went to his home to say good-by. We had become, I think, understanding friends during the anxious waiting period. He's a big fellow, morally and physically, and a tough fellow. Yet I swear there were tears in his eyes when I said good-by and he realized from that that everything for the Schneider race was over. He knew I would hang on to the last.

Williams did all that a man could do. He was up against it from the beginning. Coöperation from the navy was hard to get because the navy was afraid to spend money when the watchword at Washington was economy.

The Schneider Cup race is not simply an event where speeding ships establish records and thrill a few hundred thousand spectators. Call it by any name and it would be what it is, the indicator of what each nation is doing for itself in the air, and the laboratory where speed itself is harnessed to do the will of man.

From the construction of the ships, aviation, military and commercial, learns how to improve all types flown. And from the pilots able to handle such ships other pilots learn to fly their own more skillfully. When the time comes for Williams and Doolittle to retire, there being no high-speed flying schools organized in the meantime, America will have no pilots experienced in flying ships doing much over 200 miles an hour. And when that time comes the speed record for airplanes will approximate 400. The nations of Europe will be flying them. We shan't. That's nothing nice to think about.

We can lick the British at tennis and golf and prize fighting. They can lick us at the greatest and most hazardous of sports—racing airplanes.

Hats off to the British!

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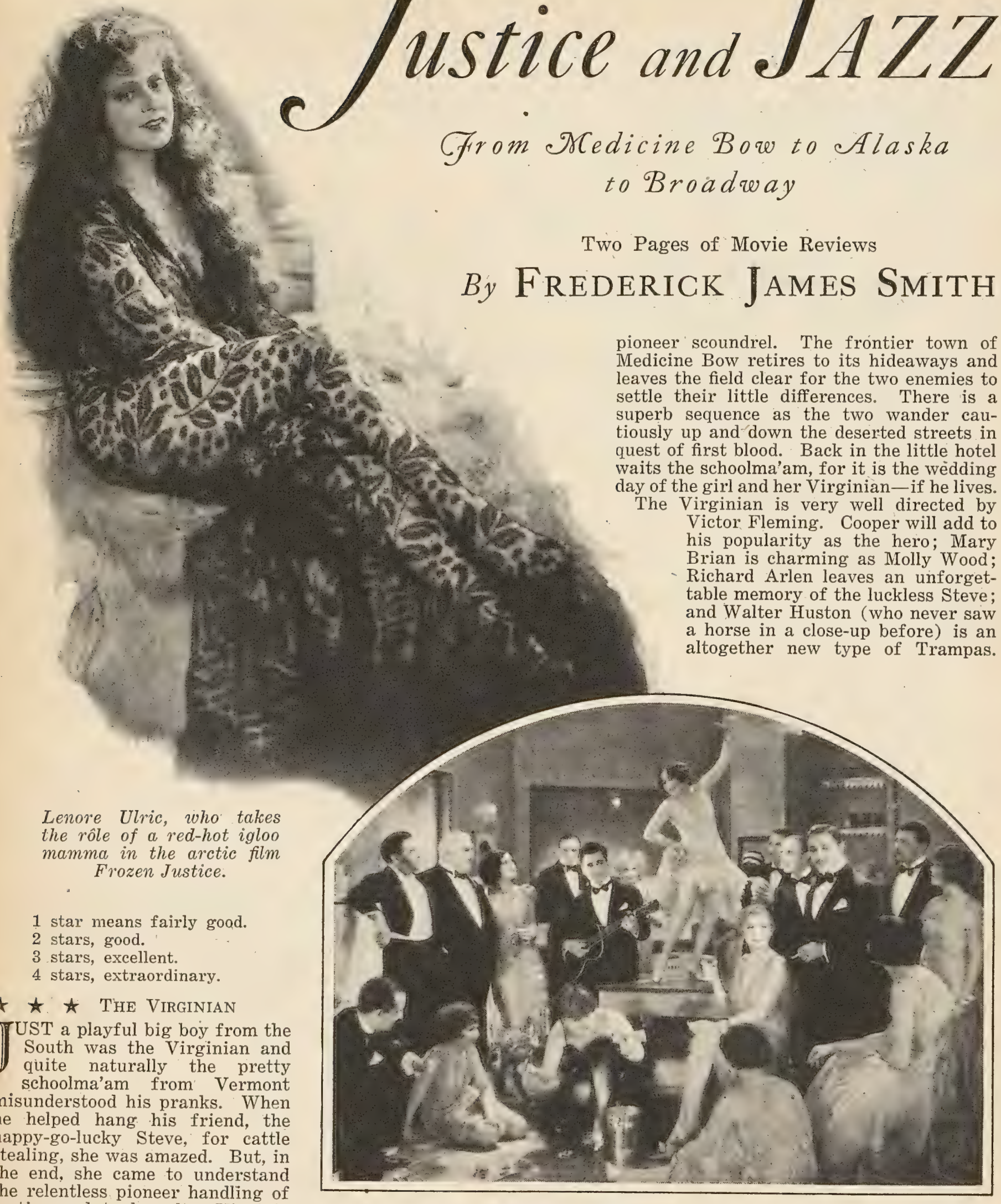
Justice and JAZZ

From Medicine Bow to Alaska to Broadway

Two Pages of Movie Reviews

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Lenore Ulric, who takes the rôle of a red-hot igloo mamma in the arctic film Frozen Justice.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE VIRGINIAN

JUST a playful big boy from the South was the Virginian and quite naturally the pretty schoolma'am from Vermont misunderstood his pranks. When he helped hang his friend, the happy-go-lucky Steve, for cattle stealing, she was amazed. But, in the end, she came to understand the relentless pioneer handling of justice and to love her Virginia cowboy.

Owen Wister wrote this story as a best seller of thirty or so years ago, and the late Dustin Farnum played the foreman of Box X Ranch behind the footlights. Still later, in 1923, he acted him for the old silent films of the Lasky Company. Now The Virginian becomes an all-talkie for Paramount with the gauntly personable Gary Cooper as the cowboy from Dixie. And—any way you look at it—this new Virginian tops them all.

Just as in the old stage play and on the printed page, the high point is the duel between the Virginian and the evil Trampas, first of the great cattle thieves and a fine pioneer scoundrel. The frontier town of Medicine Bow retires to its hideaways and leaves the field clear for the two enemies to settle their little differences. There is a superb sequence as the two wander cautiously up and down the deserted streets in quest of first blood. Back in the little hotel waits the schoolma'am, for it is the wedding day of the girl and her Virginian—if he lives.

The Virginian is very well directed by Victor Fleming. Cooper will add to his popularity as the hero; Mary Brian is charming as Molly Wood; Richard Arlen leaves an unforgettable memory of the luckless Steve; and Walter Huston (who never saw a horse in a close-up before) is an altogether new type of Trampas. The one-time stage star, Helen Ware, contributes a fine bit.

The Virginian comes close to being a four-star film.

Ann Pennington's pedal extremities are one of the features in The Gold Diggers of Broadway, an all-talkie, all-color production.

★ ★ FROZEN JUSTICE

Frozen Justice, Lenore Ulric's return-to-the-films production for William Fox, never gets south of Nome.

Miss Ulric plays the restless wife—half white, half native—of a Lambs Club Eskimo chieftain.

The white blood calls and Tula goes off with a whaling

captain to the boom town of Nome. There she becomes the idol of the gold-rush adventurers.

But her native blood calls—and she heads back to the old arctic homestead. The spring ice break-up catches her, crushes the evil captain, and kills Tula. They all died in the midst of a splashy trick-photography aurora borealis.

Frozen Justice is a novelty in its glimpses of home life in the blubber zone, but it also skirts along the edge of being unconsciously funny. The arctic, by the way, was constructed right on the Fox Hills Ranch in Hollywood with non-glare studio snow.

Miss Ulric is just pretty good as the red-hot igloo mamma. Her Tula sings a theme song—I'm Looking for the Right Kind of Man—in the Helen Morgan manner. The real interest of Frozen Justice lies in its glimpses of Nome amusing itself. Here you find George MacFarlane bursting into a tearful rendition of Just a Picture Turned to the Wall, Tom Patricola leaping into an eccentric dance, and such players as El Brandel, Alice Lake, and Charles Judels doing bits.

★ ★ The Gold Diggers of Broadway

The late Avery Hopwood wrote a lively farce of chorus girls at work and at play and called it The Gold Diggers. David Belasco produced it with Ina Claire starred. Now the Warners have Vitaphoned it out of its original semblance into a musical show called The Gold Diggers of Broadway.

It is an all-talkie, all-color film.

Gary Cooper and Mary Brian in the newest and best presentation of Owen Wister's famous novel, The Virginian.

The Argyle Case presents Thomas Meighan, shown here with Lila Lee, in his first talkie.

Its color photography, by the way, is an improvement. There is less of the effect of a rainbow with the ague. A boisterous and rowdy clown, Winnie Lightner (if you like noisy lady funsters), stands out, and one Nick Lucas, called "the crooning troubadour," sings and sings until you think he is Old Man Vitaphone himself.

★ ★ The Argyle Case

Here you have Thomas Meighan talking on the screen for the first time. He is one of those unfailing sleuths who unravels a complicated murder and clears the lovely heroine from unjust suspicions.

The eminent Alexander Kayton uses microphones, fingerprints, and psychology, not to mention two comedy assistants.

The Argyle Case holds your interest, is smoothly worked out, and yet it ought to be more effective. The hero is too infallible and the murderers too listless for dramatic punch, I fear.

Meighan's performance is excellent. Lila Lee is the heroine and the late Gladys Brockwell makes a posthumous appearance in a prominent rôle.

Ten Years Ago This Week

George Loane Tucker's The Miracle Man was a sensation with Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, and Lon Chaney all headed for stardom.

Wallie Reid and Charlie Ray were running neck and neck for the post of chief film favorite.

Harold Lloyd had just suffered a bad injury to his right hand, when a supposedly empty studio bomb exploded during the filming of a scene.

Erich von Stroheim (full cognomen: Count Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Stroheim von Nordenwall) had just made his first widely discussed film, The Pinnacle. Francelia Billington and Erich himself played the leads in this story of the Austrian Tyrol.

Do you know that—

Crane Wilbur returns to films to play opposite the Duncan Sisters in Cotton and Silk? . . . Olga Baclanova is leaving Paramount? . . . Lillian Gish is to do the princess in The Swan as her first talkie rôle? . . . Clara Bow is not going to play Zaza, after all?

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By Robert W. Chambers

Pictures by Norman Price

I HAD no choice. I wrote Naia Strayling and me down in the hotel register as Mr. and Mrs. Brooke. Which annoyed me vastly.

The feather-brained youngster had just crossed with me from England as my wife.

These were troubled times. The War of 1812 was still young. When it started I had been in England, at Thanes Close, where the Prince Regent—"Prinney" we called him—had gathered his dissolute company about him. There Miss Strayling appeared, an American under the "protection" of Lady Vulper, a she-devil who sold dainty morsels.

The youngster had eloped with a vicomte, from a French school at Passy, discovered he had not the idlest intention of marrying her, left him, and taken refuge with the Vulper. I opened her eyes to that woman's character.

Not an hour later I fought a duel with Viscount Mordhurst, who insulted my country, wounded him mortally, and fled. Aboard the fishing smack which had been provided for me, I was amazed to find little Miss Strayling. She had learned my arrangements, had had her boxes brought—mine also—and by mistake a pouch addressed to Prinney. This contained damnable documents: plans for a vast British invasion of America, and the arming of the Indians.

Our smack was overhauled by the Wild-Cat, a Yankee privateer, which took us aboard, and so to New York.

There, at the City Hotel where we spent the night, British spies tried to seize the despatches. They failed, thank God. But further trials were to come. Next morning, old Peter Hallet, a friend of my late father, discovered our names on the register, and wished me joy of my marriage.

I escorted Miss Strayling to her grandad's home. Consternation seized me when I found old Colonel Hallet breakfasting with my youngster's peppery ancestor. Naia's grandfather flew into a rage upon seeing her in New York, and with me. Colonel Hallet tried to calm him by telling him we were married. But little Miss Strayling spoke with fatal candour. "We're *not* married," she protested.

She fed crusts to a parcel of ducks in a dirty puddle.

Part Three—Cock-crow Hall

FOR one awful moment the two old gentlemen stared at us.

"Sir," said I to her grandfather, "I am distressingly aware that all this has a most unfortunate and guilty appearance, but—"

He got to his feet, glaring at me out of convulsed features, and his pigtail on end with wrath.

"You scoundrel," said he, "if you don't marry her instantly I'll have satisfaction of you!"

"Sir," said I, annoyed, "that might suit me if you were a little younger—"

"I may be too old for swords," he shouted, "but I can still sight a horse-pistol! Are you going to marry her or not, you rake?"

"Oh, grandad," Naia cried, "he doesn't have to—"

"Well, by God, who is this fellow, then, who writes you down in a hotel register as his wife!"

"He's just—just a k-kind and respectable gentleman I met—"

"So you are become common property? So *that's* what you've learned at school in France—to take any lover at hazard when it suits you—"

"Oh, Lord," said she, "the few I've had have done me no harm! If only you would listen to me a moment—"

"Take her away!" he said passionately; "take her out o' my sight and out o' my house! She was born a vixen and she'll die a minx! She's bedevilled every two-legged man she ever looked at! She was a coquette in her cradle; and at ten she made eyes at the milkman; she kept winking at the bishop when he confirmed her; she flirted with her bald-headed music master; she's led dozens of young gentlemen as many devil's dances. God alone knows how my son begat such a jade! But I'm done with her. She has a fortune of her own. Let her go to the devil and squander it!"

There was a deathly silence. I had a sickly feeling in my stomach's pit. But, noblesse oblige!

"Sir," said I, "if my marrying your granddaughter would re-install her in your respect and affections—"

"I *won't!*" she said.

"You shall!" he roared. "If he offers you reparation you shall marry him at once!"

"He has nothing to repair," said she. "I *won't* marry him. I told him I wouldn't. I'd

As I stood under the bull's-eye, listening, I seemed to hear the stealthy step of Death outside the door.

rather kill myself! I'd rather even be his mistress—"

"Take away that harlot!" thundered her grandfather.

She became a little pale. "I am not what you say," said she. "But I'll go if you want me to."

A terrible silence; then I drew her arm through mine.

"There is nothing more to be done here," said I calmly.

I bowed; she curtseyed, deathly pale. In stony silence we departed through the dim, crimson drawing room, down the stoop, and walked back across the park to our hotel, where we slowly mounted to our rooms.

"What," said she, quite calmly, "am I to do now, Mr. Brooke?"

"Would you care to marry me?"

"No, thank you."

"Have you any relatives to whom you could go?"

She shook her head.

"No friends?"

"None sufficiently intimate, sir."

"Would you care to come with me to Cock-crow Hall?"

"Yes, if you please."

So I jerked the bell-rope savagely and commanded a travelling coach and four; and had our luggage stowed aboard it. Then I settled our account at the desk.

When the travelling coach arrived from the mews we got into it and started up Broadway, both of us very silent, staring out at the city through which we jolted until the unpaved country road replaced the city pavements, and away trotted our horses along the dusty Broadway road and through Sandy Lane to the Bloomingdale Road.

Her face was serene; she seemed to regret Vauxhall Gardens as much as anything.

"The dreadful things my grandfather said about me are true," she remarked, "—except about being a harlot. It's been just one fatal pickle after another. There seems to be a devil in me, for which I am very sorry."

I listened sulkily but said nothing.

The King's Bridge Road swings to the west at the crossing of the Middle Road and Eastern Post Road, and thence continues on toward McGowan's Pass. I gazed sullenly upon the familiar countryside.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page thirty-seven]

"It is kind of you not to abandon me," said she, looking at me sideways.

We rolled on through open country, past handsome estates, cultivated gardens, and stubble fields and patches of woods. And I was wondering what the devil was to be done with this wild youngster. We passed the new fortifications at McGowan's where artillery was in camp, and continued through Harlem Lane and Manhattanville.

When, finally, we pulled in at Yonkers we descended and ate cold cuts, salad, and ice cream at an ordinary called The Philipse Arms. She had, apparently, recovered her spirits; seemed vastly diverted by this new adventure; went with me to see our horses changed; fed crusts to a parcel of ducks in a dirty puddle.

But now it was time to embark again; we turned eastward from the Dobbs Ferry Road, and, about four o'clock, crossed a bridge over the brook which flows through my own domain of Cock-crow Hall.

Of course I supposed that my arrival would be utterly unexpected; and I was astonished when my old lodge keeper, Jerry Dunn, who opened the gates for us, came agrinning to the coach window to tell me that two cavalry officers had called about noon, with a message to me from the Governor of New York; and that they seemed surprised and uneasy to learn that I had not yet arrived at Cock-crow Hall.

"What message did they leave, Jerry?" I asked.

"Why, sir, they said they belonged to Colonel Odell's regiment—which I know is yours, sir."

"What did they say?"

"They told me that your ship had already come in, and that the Governor knew it and had sent them here with an important message for you regarding your commission."

"Did they say they would return?"

"They said they would call again later today, sir; but I have not seen them so far."

"Very well," said I. "Open the gates to them whenever they arrive."

We had a quarter of a mile, yet, to drive, through the curving avenue of silver maples.

My spirits rose rapidly at prospect of immediate service, and I smiled at the youngster beside me and gazed gaily about me at the fertile fields and stately woods of Cock-crow Hall.

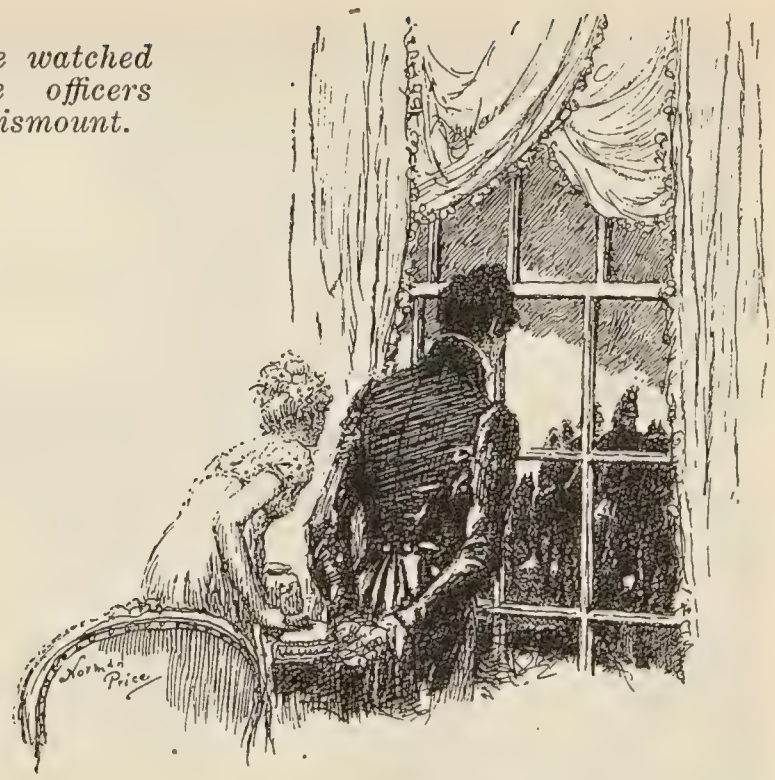
"This is very beautiful," said little Miss Strayling to me. "Have you a spare horse in your stables for me, Mr. Brooke?"

"Evidently," said I, laughing, "you mean to remain for a visit. Yes, I have a horse to suit you, dearest wife."

I ran as though all hell were at my heels.

"We will ride," said she. "I have a London habit in my trunk, chosen by Lady Vulper, and copied from one which Mrs. Robinson wears."

We now came in sight of the lawns and the square, many-chimneyed mansion of grey stone called Cock-crow Hall, with its barns, stables, and quarters. On the peak of the pointed and dormered roof a high weather-vane glittered,



We watched the officers dismount.

fashioned like a gilded gamecock, crowing for victory.

There was a ladder on the roof where workmen had been mending the slates which framed two bull's-eye dormer windows. The wooden shutters below seemed to be closed.

"Cock-crow Hall was a famous place for cockfighting in colonial days," said I. "If it were not for this war I'd have leisure to revive it."

"Yes," said she, "we must all go to the war—Beau and Belle, Rake and Baggage, and even our gamecocks and their loving pullets—"

"Oh, no," said I, laughing, "*we* do the fighting and *you* do the loving!"

"I don't know how."

"Study the art in books against my return."

"Would you really abandon me after all we have endured together, sir?"

"My God, ma'am, every time I set one foot before the other you tell me I abandon you!"

"If you go to the war and leave me here, you abandon me, don't you?"

"Nevertheless, I must go to the war, ma'am."

"I've never seen a war—except that one last night."

"Pray heaven you never will, then."

"All the same," she murmured, "I go to the war in your company or I go alone. So take your choice."

I laughed as I helped her to descend from the coach; and turned to greet my major-domo, Skerret, in his yellow-barred waistcoat and long, old-fashioned livery surtout. Behind him I saw my housekeeper, Mrs. Skerret, a new footman, new housemaids, and an unfamiliar lackey.

"Ah, Skerret," said I heartily, "I see you've already collected new servants against my arrival—though how the news got here before I did I can't quite make out."

I SHOOK hands with him and with Mrs. Skerret and nodded smilingly to the bobbing and curtseying group behind them.

I did not quite like the appearance of my new valet, with his powerful frame, heavy features, and gaunt eyes. He had solicited the office, it seemed, but a few hours before our arrival. But I had something more important to consider.

For an instant I hesitated, but there was no use pretending to relationship with this pretty creature beside me, because I was the last of my race and everybody knew it. Also, I knew that any other than a lawful status would render my youngster's sojourn at Cock-crow Hall an endless mortification to her.

"I am confident," said I to Mrs. Skerret, "that you all will welcome the new mistress of Cock-crow Hall with every sentiment of duty, affection, and obedience; and that my lady may enjoy the happiest confidence in your zeal and loyalty."

Little Miss Strayling seemed astounded. They came,

one by one, led by Skerret, to bob and scrape and curtsey to my lady.

Then I gave her my hand and led her into the hall hung with fox masks and pads and whips and portraits of noble gamecocks which had died for the glory of Cock-crow Hall.

Up the polished stairway I conducted her, with never a word from her; and into the parlour of the blue bedroom suite which faced to the west and south.

Alone, standing there in the late afternoon sunshine, she looked up at me out of disturbed grey eyes.

"It would have been no falsehood of yours," said she, "had you let them suppose me to be your mistress. Why did you lie, sir?"

"Nobody except your grandfather and Peter Hallet knows we are not married," said I. "Let the rest of the world believe us to be husband and wife."

"I'd rather they believed the other than have you lie about it."

"Let it alone," said I sharply. "The falsehood is mine, anyway, and none of your affair. And I don't suppose you stupid enough to mortify me by denying it!"

She flushed painfully. "You are somewhat rough with me, sir. Be at ease; I shall not contradict you to put you to further shame in your own house."

I said: "To spare a woman a man may lie without shame, ma'am, who would not lie to spare himself."

SHE flushed more deeply at that; placed an impulsive hand on my sleeve.

"*Dear* Mr. Brooke," said she with her lovely, childish smile.

I don't know exactly what it was that gave my train of thought a strange and sudden twist into a new and amazing channel. But it came to me of a sudden—why the devil should I not marry her?

I said to her: "I told your violent ancestor that I stood ready to marry you. And I will, if you wish."

"Why marry me?" said she.

"Well, it would make matters easier. And Cock-crow Hall should have a mistress sooner or later anyway. Shall we marry, ma'am?"

She gave me a straight look and a long one.

"No," said she; "there is no love between us. A looser bond—with love—is more respectable."

"More respectable than marriage, ma'am?" said I, astonished.

"More respectable than a loveless marriage. . . . Or so it seems to me."

She laughed, turned with a whirl of her primrose skirt and click of high heels on the parquet, and moved lightly about, inspecting her new abode.

"And you?" she asked me over her shoulder, "—where do you reside, sir?"

"My old quarters are across the corridor."

At that moment her trunks and boxes were fetched up, and I had them set in a row along the wall, and ordered mine to be carried to my own rooms.

Her maid, a newcomer who looked like a Westchester Dutch girl, fetched out a tin bath for her and, kneeling, fell to unstrapping and unlocking her boxes and valises.

I smiled at my tranquil youngster, and she smiled at me; and presently I went across to my own quarters where a new valet was fetching water for my bath.

I gave him keys—to everything except the British despatch pouch—and he laid out fresh evening clothing and brand new Hessians for me, and very soon I was bathed and shaved and arranging my starched neckcloth in highest spirits, contented to be at home again after three long years, and gaily whistling the air of an old Continental army song which had been a favorite of my father's.

Out across the corridor I stepped; the youngster was dressed and ready—my God, how lovely in her soft French evening gown that revealed the firm, plump neck and shoulders and, partly, the bosom so exquisitely immature.

Her silvery slippers of a child, narrow as arrows, kept dainty pace with my brand new Hessians as we descended the stairs, her finger-tips resting on my palm.

Dinner waited. Skerret, in a clean yellow and silver

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Tobacco smoke is the one element in which men can sit silent together without embarrassment." —Carlyle.

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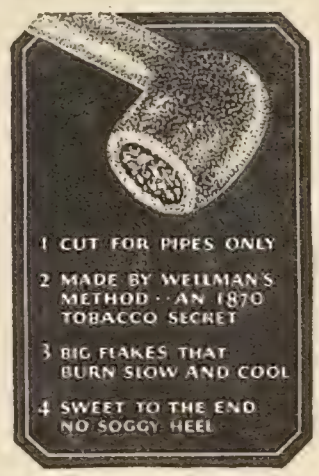

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GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page thirty-nine]

livery with chains, directed our two waiters, who seemed willing enough but had haymakers' knuckles and two sorry pairs of legs which had been fashioned by God to follow furrows.

Dusk had fallen when we left the table. The night air had turned frosty; fires burned in library and drawing room. She chose the former; and there we seated ourselves with our cakes and sherry and port, and a churchwarden for me full of fragrant Virginia fine-cut.

She was perfectly at her ease. Sometimes she read a little from a book chosen at random from the shelves; sometimes she lay back in her great Queen Anne chair and gossiped with me, recalling, almost hour by hour, the six weeks of our acquaintance—gaily marvelling at the battle of the night before, and happy that all had now led to this; and vowed that nobody in the world would believe it to be as innocent as it had been from the very beginning.

"And still is," said she, nibbling a macaroon dipped in ruby port.

"So far," said I.

"And to the end of the chapter, sir."

"The book of life has many chapters, ma'am."

She laughed. "Too late, now, for any doubt, sir, regarding the story's end."

She tasted her wine daintily: "Life," said she, "is not a book; it is random music lacking an air. We have run the entire gamut of the piano in search of it; we've swept every string of the harp in quest of it. All harmonies we have explored and sounded. There remains no unknown chord to surprise us; no harmony enchanting enough to seduce us to further search. Life is only music without an air; and we know it, you and I."

The hours seemed to go very swiftly. Skerret came to learn our pleasure. I sent him off to bed and bade him dismiss the servants.

We gossiped and gossiped by the fire. The silvery tones of the mantel clock seemed to be continually ringing through the candlelight, so lightly time flew with this youngster there in the great wing-chair by the fire.

I don't know what hour it might have been when we heard a sudden clatter of horses on the gravel drive.

I rose and stepped to the window, and saw, in the light of the porch lantern, four cavalry officers in the uniform of my militia regiment, followed by two troopers and a led horse. The officers were swathed in their long blue riding mantles.

"Naia!" I cried gaily, "I lay you two to nothing that they carry a captain's commission and instant marching orders for me from our Governor!"

HER face was expressionless and seemed to have lost colour. We watched the officers dismount.

Then, as I had sent all servants to bed, I went out, unchained and opened the great door, and bade the gentlemen welcome.

They followed me, spurs and sabres clanking, to the fire-lit library, and there they named themselves one by one, with every ceremony and politeness; and, one by one, in turn, I presented them to the mistress of Cock-crow Hall.

I had been away three years, and these were new faces to me—three subalterns and a lieutenant—all gentlemen of quality at first glance—from the Queens and Suffolk troops they said, and lately transferred from Captain Bogart's battery of Flying Artillery—which explained their perfectly new uniforms.

They were charming young men, graceful, courteous, and seemed full of spirit and a kind of subdued excitement which instantly convinced me that my regiment had received its marching orders and that the led horse was for me.

So my youngster and I fetched decanters and glasses from the sideboard, and what biscuits and little cakes remained.

Then I opened the sealed packet which their lieutenant had brought to me, and read the first paper with much pleasure:

Headquarters, City of New York,
21st October, 1812.

The Commander-in-Chief is pleased to assign and brevet Joshua Brooke as Captain in the new Westchester troop of light cavalry attached to the 2nd New York Regiment of Light Dragoons, Lieutenant-Colonel Jacob Odell, third cavalry brigade, Brig. Gen'l Aquila Giles commanding.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
R. MACOMB, Aide-de-Camp.

Flushed with pleasure I turned to the lieutenant who had given me my commission. He merely smiled and begged me to read the other paper very carefully.

So, while they were enjoying their wine, and with their gay voices and my youngster's pretty laughter in my ears, I unsealed and unfolded the remaining paper; and read:

Make no movement and no outcry, Mr. Brooke, or you die as you read this warning!

AT the same instant I heard Naia Strayling saying in a bewildered voice: "What is the matter, gentlemen—"

With a jerk my head went up; I was looking at the muzzles of four horse-pistols.

"Better make an end of him," said somebody behind me. I heard him cock his pistol and felt the cold muzzle touching the back of my neck.

Evidently they were trying to frighten me. I was too disgusted even to turn around.

Nevertheless, here was a pretty kettle of fish! Caught in my own house by a parcel of enemy agents disguised in the

uniform of my own regiment of militia cavalry! What humiliation!

I watched their pretended lieutenant's eyes squinting at me over his heavy horse-pistol; all these armed men were now rising, surrounding me, ringing me with levelled weapons.

Suddenly Naia Strayling sprang to her feet only to be flung back upon her chair. One of them whipped off her silken scarf and tied it tightly across her parted lips.

"No outcry, madam!" came the harsh warning.

Then, with unspeakable annoyance, I saw my new valet enter the room, carrying the British despatch pouch. What an amazing trap had I sauntered into! Yet, even now I failed to appreciate the gravity of my predicament; and the sight of Prinney's despatch pouch grimly amused me. If that was what they were after they had arrived too late.

She passed her arm through mine without a tremor. Slowly, silently, we mounted the stairs.

"This is a clumsy comedy," said I; "you miss your aim, gentlemen!"

"*You* miss yours," came a low voice.

"You will discover," said I, "that I have hit my target."

"You will discover," said he, "that we have hit *ours*."

"You think so?"

"And so shall you, Mr. Brooke; your express messenger was shot out of his saddle last night, and the papers he carried have already convicted you without a court!"

Here was an element more sinister than I had expected in this theatrical masquerading. I heard my ex-valet's guarded voice suggesting that my affair should be concluded without further ceremony. Somebody behind me remarked that there was a decent procedure to be observed in all such matters.

Incredulous, I rose from the chair, but their pistols, jabbing my body, held me where I stood.

"Gentlemen," said I, "pray loosen the scarf from my wife's lips. I give you my word of honour that she will make no outcry—"

"You had better concern yourself with your own business," said their lieutenant; "we shall take every care of your wife."

"I hardly suppose," said I, "that you mean to harm her."

MY ex-valet drew nearer and stared at me with an unfeigned ferocity that amazed me.

"You damned spy," he said, "you not only stole despatches written in British military cipher, but you decoded them and sent them by express to your government in Washington. And now we are going to destroy you."

A kind of stunned numbness invaded me for a moment. Here it was at last—that cursed card which all gamblers dread—the ominous Queen of Spades. Death!

Instantly my mind became clear again. I understood, now, what all this meant. I realized I was no better than a dead man, and had, already, been sentenced by this flying court.

Somebody asked me if I had anything to say. In a low voice I bade them shoot and be damned.

My ex-valet told them that they might safely lock us up in my wife's bedroom where the bell-rope had been cut and the windows and shutters nailed fast. He added to me: "Get along, you cursed spy!"

The icy muzzle of somebody's pistol against the back of my neck permitted no argument. Two of them took hold of my poor youngster and pulled her to her feet, which enraged me.

"My wife has nothing to do with this," said I sharply; "take

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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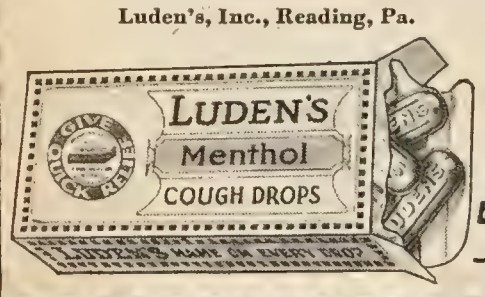
CIGARETTE SALES PEOPLE

First Prize—$100—Mr. Charles J. Schiesser, 1031 E. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.; Second Prize—$75—Mr. David Roshman, 709 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Third Prize—$50—Mrs. Ida Biggs, 314 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Fourth Prize—$25—Mrs. Laura McCown, 3206 29th St., Tampa, Fla.

135 other cash prizes, amounting to $875, have been awarded to winners of the fifth and sixth prizes—a total of 143 prizes amounting to $1500. Checks have been sent to winners and all contestants have been mailed the full list of names and addresses of the prize winners.

Luden's, Inc., Reading, Pa.



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You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY]
Continued from page forty-one

your filthy hands from her person!"

As I spoke she stepped calmly to my side and passed her arm through mine without a tremor. Slowly, silently, we mounted the stairs.

When we arrived before her bedroom door, their lieutenant untwisted the scarf tied across her lips and raised a flaring candle so that the ruddy light of it illumined her pallid face.

"Madam," said he harshly, "it was *you* who stole the despatches at Thanes Close and fetched them to your husband at Faithness!"

New York and environs in 1812, and the route to Cock-crow Hall.

BEFORE I could deny it she had nodded.

"Did you also aid your husband to decode the cipher?"

"No!" I cried.

"Yes," said she, "I helped him."

At that the heavy features of my pretended valet darkened with fury:

"By God, madam," he blurted out, "you're as damned a spy as any other and ought to suffer according!"

She flung up her proud little head and her pallour faded in the bright resentment which swept her face.

"Be at pains, my good man, to speak respectfully when you address your betters," said she.

Somebody whispered: "If she knows what her husband knows we can't let her go."

"She ought to hang," muttered my valet.

Another said aloud: "You frighten her with your hanging talk."

"I am not frightened," said she tremulously.

Their lieutenant stepped toward me, shouldered me into the bedroom, pushed the dauntless youngster after me, and set a lighted candle on her dressing table.

"Yours," said he to me, "is plainly a hanging matter. "You rove your own rope. Here is no case for a military court, or even for drumhead.

"You stole the military cipher belonging to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. You deserved to be destroyed instantly; yet we have given you a flying court."

He drew the bedroom key from the inside and thrust it into the outside keyhole:

"You have fifteen minutes," said he, "to arrange your affairs with your wife and reckon with your Creator."

When the door was closed and locked upon us I turned to look at my unhappy youngster; but she was already at the window and striving to raise the sash with all her desperate, slender strength.

"No use," she breathed brokenly, as I joined her; "there's nothing to be done here!"

I looked in vain for the bell-rope. It had been entirely cut away. But, high up on the wall, my desperate gaze fell upon one of the bull's-eye dormers set with a hinged pane of glass. Escape lay that way if we could reach it.

Beneath it we piled up every stick of furniture in the room—table, chests, chairs. It was useless. There was nothing to cling to.

And, cruelly adding to our exasperation, we could see, through the dormer, against the starlit sky, the shadow of a ladder where workmen had been repairing the roof.

"The chimney!" she whispered. "Can you climb it?"

I ran to it, entered the great fireplace, mounted both andirons, and attempted the ascent. The flue was too narrow for my shoulders.

In desperation I threw off coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and tried again. My shoulders would not pass. As I dropped to the hearth and faced her in the candlelight she seemed to lose courage:

"Oh, God," she whimpered, "they mean to murder you!"

"But not you, ma'am. Calm yourself."

Bleeding, blotched with soot, I looked up desperately again at the high dormer overhead, and saw the shadowy ladder athwart the stars.

A METALLIC sound behind me made me turn. She had been attempting the chimney, and was just emerging from the fireplace, black with soot.

"My clothing catches," she panted. "I can do it, I think, if I undress and smear myself with ointment."

She ran to her dressing table where her maid had arranged a wilderness of crystal jars and flasks. In an instant she was back with her cosmetics.

"Blow out the candle," she said breathlessly, "—this is no pretty thing I do, God knows—"

A dry sob checked her. In total darkness I heard her strip herself and rub her naked body with the slippery, scented ointments. And all the while she was whimpering drearily to herself, "Oh, God, they mean to murder him! Oh, hurry—hurry—hurry—"

I stepped back from the hearth.

"Where are you?" she breathed.

Her groping fingers brushed me, pushed me aside; I heard a velvet tread cross the floor; the scrape of iron.

"Open the bull's-eye and lower the ladder," I whispered.

"I understand."

Time tortured me with its every second as I stood listening to the sound of her supple body rustling like a fluttering swallow in the chimney.

Higher, fainter came the sound. Then silence.

As I stood under the bull's-eye, looking up, listening, I seemed to hear the stealthy step of Death outside the door.

Suddenly, high against the stars, I saw a slender shadow-shape; the bull's-eye creaked, swung open; down slipped the ladder, grounding at my feet.

At the same instant I heard her guarded voice from above: "I'm cold; bring me something to cover me."

I snatched a blanket from the bed, ran up the ladder, thrust the blanket through to her, and stepped out on to the leads.

Then I drew up the ladder, carried it along the rail to the east portico, lowered it to the lawn.

She descended first, clutching her blanket to her throat; I followed swiftly.

On the dim, wet grass I swathed her more closely in the blanket, swept her into my arms, and ran as though all hell were at my heels, feeling her weight no more than a clinging snowflake.

In a hemlock grove I stopped to look back. The bull's-eye was beginning to gleam with ruddy light; and I knew that they were entering the empty bedroom to make an end of me.

"I tire you," said she, her voice muffled by the blanket. "Set me down and save yourself; I'll try to follow you—"

"Look yonder," said I.

She raised her head and looked; and shivered in my arms.

"Set me down," she pleaded; "yours is the greater danger—"

"There is blood on your knees and feet—"

"A chimney scratch—"

"Lie quiet, you dauntless child," said I; "we are safe here. . . . And I am passionately your servant, who, in this hour, owe my life to your resourceful wit and courage—"

"Oh, Lord—" She buried her face in her blanket a moment; then, "Oh, Lord," said she, "he doesn't know that I am frightened out of my wits, and that my legs are still begging me to run!"

She raised her head from my shoulder again and gazed at the house:

"Look yonder," she whispered; "they are coming out of the front door and are mounting their horses!"

"They mean to run for it!" said I.

"They might come hunting us, Mr. Brooke!"

"They dare not. If they are caught they hang."

They had left the front door wide open; candles blazed in the hall. A bright light streamed out upon them where they were tightening girths and getting into their saddles. One horseman left the group and, with lifted pistol, cantered entirely around the house as though in savage quest of us. But when again he joined the main group, all gathered bridle, swung horses, and went off at a lively scamper across the foggy grass. And I was convinced that we were rid o' them for the night at least.

But I had no mind to let that murderous crew ride off unpunished.

"Now," said I, "let us see what can be done about this monstrous business of hanging honest people by the neck in their own homes!"

And, with my youngster in my arms, I ran for the house. The front door gaped wide; I set her upon the stairs, seized the bell-rope and rang it violently, filling the house with a most alarming noise.

Up the stairs fled my poor youngster in her blanket, and had vanished before old Skerret came arunning in his shirt and nightcap.

Seeing me all clotted with blood and soot, he begged in trembling tones to know if I had been murdered in my bed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page forty-three]

"Damned near it," said I cheerily. "Rout out the stable-lads and grooms. Load what pistols and fowling pieces you can find. Tell 'em to saddle and fetch horses for all who can ride—"

Little Miss Strayling came out on the landing in her blanket. "Skerret," she called, "fetch me Mr. Brooke's hunting clothes!"

It touched me deeply to think that the child wished to look them over before I wore them.

I was already halfway upstairs, but called back to Skerret to send a maid to my lady. Then I entered my own room, dowsed head and body; washed my person free of soot and blood; dressed in a passion of impatience. Skerret lagged with my clothes, so I dressed in others; and, booted and spurred, rapped on Naia's door.

I supposed she would be all nervous, lax, and pale from fatigue and shock.

She flung open her door, flushed, eager, expectant—a strange, laughable little figure—for she had on my spurred boots and breeches and scarlet coat for fox-hunting, and had pulled the black velvet cap over her chestnut hair till it covered her ears.

"What do you mean to do?" I asked, astonished.

"I told Skerret to fetch me a good fast horse—"

"Where do you think you're going at five in the morning?"

"I'm going with you," said she with that breathless smile of hers.

"What folly! If we come up with those rascals there'll be a fight! Do you suppose I would permit you to stand their fire?"

"Please let me ride with you—"

"You can't go! I'll take no chances of your being shot."

But hers was a mind of infinite resource.

"Suppose," said she, "they return and discover me alone here. And murder me."

I had not considered that and it startled me.

FOR an instant my wavering gaze met hers triumphant.

"Wait—" I began; but she sprang past me and clattered down the stairs in boots too big for her, and hunting coat atrail; and I heard her outside on the porch calling joyously for her horse.

As I descended the stairs and walked out to the mounting block, her mare was brought around and I heard her say:

"There are no holsters and no pistols on my saddle! Pray see to it—somebody!"

"What's that?" I said sharply.

She cast a spirited, mischievous glance at me. "I suppose, at least," said she, "you will allow me to defend myself."

A groom strapped two holsters to her pommel and thrust in a pair of loaded pistols; and, before anybody could aid her, she was in her saddle and kicking at her stirrups which I sullenly took up and shortened.

TO be so bullied by anybody perplexed and bothered me; yet, what else to do with her I did not know. For there might be a possibility of those murderous vagabonds returning to Cock-crow Hall; and I hesitated to leave her here alone.

All around us, now, was a great stir of preparation: stable-boys leading out horses, hostlers with lanterns, grooms bearing saddles, servants fetching pistols, fowling pieces, and blunderbusses from my coach, and fastening holsters and buckets to saddlebows.

We came out among huge oaks and maples.

When, finally, I got on to my horse to marshal my cavalcade of stable warriors, I saw little Miss Strayling exercising her mare by jumping her back and forth across the box-hedge edging the kitchen garden. And though my hunting clothes were much too large for her, the strange figure she cut in the saddle was almost charming—like a child in its daddy's skirted coat and boots.

She cantered across the grass to my side as my cowyard cavalry fell into double column—a head groom, two under-grooms, three stable-lads, all mounted and armed.

I addressed them briefly, saying that the marauders were probably making for a boat at Orienta Point, and that if we rode cross-country we might cut them off at the long causeway.

Then, leaning from my saddle, I whispered to Murphy, my head groom, that if bullets flew he was to turn my wife's horse and carry her out of range.

"No matter what my lady says about it," I added.

He touched his cap; I swung my horse and away we cantered across the foggy lawn.

At the lodge the old gatekeeper shuffled out in shirt and slippers to open the gates. He said that the marauders had turned eastward on the Mamaroneck Road.

Outside, I called to one of the lads to dismount and let down the cattle-bars; but my reckless youngster instantly put her mare to them and sailed over; and I realized that the excitement was making her as wild as a hawk.

No need to ask her if she minded a stiff cross-country; neither she nor her headlong mare were hesitating at brook or ditch, or fence or wall.

Only woodlands slackened their pace, where I had to shout in her ear to halt her while Murphy guided us along some cattle path or deer runway into the next cleared land.

"You annoy me," I said to her impatiently. "Are you trying to break your neck?"

"Why, sir," said she, "your mare refuses nothing, and I have no heart to deny her."

"You've gone mad," said I, "and so has she. Control yourself and your mare; I'll set the pace."

We came out among huge oaks, sycamores, and maples. A salty freshness from the Sound invaded the mist-dimmed fields and thickets; and I heard the high clamour and rush of wild-fowl overhead. Even in the fog this country was familiar to me, for I had hunted all over it. The causeway lay just ahead. It was here that I hoped to intercept and punish those ruffians who went about to hang people in their own homes.

The causeway lay just ahead.

But when our horses' feet echoed on the flinty way the long neck of land was empty and silent.

"They may have passed already," I said to Murphy, as we rode through the fog toward Orienta Point.

There were no sounds on the long causeway except the lap and shoaling wash of waves, a sea-gull's cry, the clatter of our horses' hoofs.

BUT, as we rode out among the great pines on Orienta Point, there was a flash in the fog, a report, and a bullet whined over us.

"Here they are!" I cried. "Murphy! Carry my lady out of their fire!"

As my head groom reached for her bridle, the reckless youngster made her mare pivot and dance sideways; and I saw her pull a pistol from her holster, cock it, and spur forward.

"Damnation!" I shouted. "Will you come back and mind your business!"

Even as I spoke, the shore-fog lighted up with a volley, and a hail of bullets streamed through the pine woods around us.

I launched my horse after the crazy jade, calling to her to rein in.

After me galloped my stable brigade, blazing away at the pistol flashes.

When I came up with the mad youngster she had already fired both her pistols, and now she held them out helplessly to me.

"I've nothing to load them with," said she. "Have you any powder and ball?"

A stable-lad was calling to me:

"They're in a boat, sir, and rowing out fast!" he bawled.

We had missed them by no more than a minute. I could scarcely bear it.

We could not see their boat for the fog; but we heard it plainly; and from the headland we fired toward the sound of the oars as fast as we could reload.

Suddenly, far out across the unseen water, a red glare split the mist, and, with the stunning report, came a shrieking round shot tearing through the tops of the pines.

Yonder, then, lay their ship! This was no place for us.

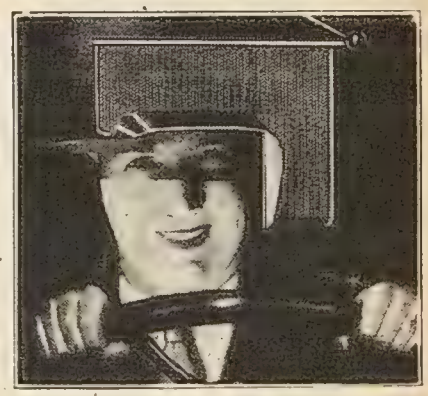
Naia Strayling and Joshua Brooke, still unwedded, off to war together! That's the theme of next week's stirring installment. Watch for it.

And Earned
$4930 In 6 Months'
Spare Time Work!

Do you need extra money? Here is a wonderful opportunity. Here are free extra bonuses Charles Hickey earned in six months' spare time work: A new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley radio—and $4,930! He made it by selling 4,000 car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Agents and car owners can test a sample at my risk. Simply mail coupon below.

Glaring Headlights Can't Blind You!
When You Look Through a FACE-A-LITE!

WHAT car owner doesn't feel nervous when driving at night and headlights suddenly flash in his eyes? Glaring headlights cause thousands of accidents each year. A Face-A-Lite on your car is better than paying on insurance and costs only a fraction of the premium. And every night you drive you face this constant danger, imperiling your life and your wife and children.



Let the headlight blaze in your eyes on the darkest, narrowest road. With a Face-A-Lite shading your vision, you can drive right on without slackening speed, without the slightest bit of danger.

FITS ANY CAR

Face-A-Lite fits any car, open or closed. You can install it yourself in a jiffy. Simply set Face-A-Lite so you can look under the hood of the screen. The tiny pin points break up the shaft of light. Face-A-Lite throws a shade over your eyes so you can steer safely around a hair-pin turn. You can see every inch of the road ahead without blocking your vision, or cocking your head to one side.

OVER 500,000 USERS

Although Face-A-Lite is out only a short time, already over five hundred thousand car owners now use this new safety device. Joe Lasker, Anoka, Minn., writes that a Face-A-Lite saved him from a serious collision with another car, stalled on the road ahead without lights. A Buick dealer writes enthusiastically that he is installing Face-A-Lites as standard equipment.

TEST SAMPLE AT MY RISK

Simply mail coupon below and learn how you can test Face-A-Lite at my risk. You will also get my agents' proposition and illustrated 32 page booklet that tells all about the Face-A-Lite, and shows you how to make unusual profits as a Face-A-Lite representative. Act at once! Join the Face-A-Lite money-makers today.

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Yes, send me your FREE 32 page booklet with full description of Face-A-Lite—also your sample offer and agents' money-making proposition. This does not obligate me in any way.

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I NEED 500 MEN
I'LL PAY BIG MONEY

I show you an easy way to make an extra income. Just in your spare moments. Simply mail coupon below for my exclusive demonstration method.

Lowel Folden made $35.00 in one day. V. D. Love made $15.00 an hour. H. C. Bower writes, "They take it out of your hand." You don't need to be a salesman—Face-A-Lite sells itself. Mail coupon for proof that you can make $10.00 to $20.00 a day easy.

Vox

Somebody Seems to Have Heard This Story Before

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We awaited in eager anticipation your first short short story, for we had had a couple of rejections ourselves. Fourteen thousand to pick from! What a gold mine!

Hungrily we read it. "Fixed," by F. R. Buckley, is a great little story, and very cleverly told. We liked it. In fact, we always liked it. That yarn, to our knowledge, has been on duty around here as a party entertainer for ten years at least, and this is sometimes called Slowtown.—*William A. Appleby.*

HATTIESBURG, MISS.—If the short short story, "Fixed," by F. R. Buckley, is a fair sample of what is to follow, a more appropriate name for the series would be "Stale Chestnuts."

I first met with that story at least twenty-five years ago and it had gray whiskers then. But perhaps it is still true that there is nothing new under the sun.—*An Old Youth.*

MEMPHIS, TEXAS—If you paid your good money to F. R. Buckley for "Fixed" you were stung.

To my knowledge that story is at least sixty years old, and I have so often repeated it myself, that Mr. Buckley may have heard it from me.—*A Knight of the Road.*

KOKOMO, IND.—Let me give you "Fixed," a short short story by F. R. Buckley, in a still shorter form. I shall quote same from a book copyrighted in 1913—"The Best Stories in the World," compiled and edited by Thomas L. Masson, page 142—"His Trial":

"A man, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury with twenty pounds to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said, 'I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?'

"'Yes,' said the Irishman, 'an awful hard time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yez.'"—*Not so Dumb in Kokomo.*

EVANSTON, ILL.—Please send me a dozen old wise-crack books so that I, like Mr. Buckley, can find an old joke, add nine hundred and fifty superfluous words, and then receive the grand award of one hundred dollars.

Was something *fixed* between the editor and Mr. Buckley?—*R. X. R.*

While on the Other Hand—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—How about some more short short stories? Just read "Fixed," the best story I ever read in LIBERTY.—*Ruth Eckes.*

JACKSON, MICH.—Say, Mr. Editor, isn't it about time you rid yourself of some of your so-called authors and signed up a real writer like F. R. Buckley?—*Dorothea Adams.*

"No Soldiers, No War"

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO—Let me express my appreciation and admiration for your masterly editorial, "Millions for Defense?" It has always seemed to me that your pen has done more to nullify the leprous pacifist propaganda and the insane utterances and acts of the so-called "dry" fanaticism that has sprung up in this country since the war, than any other agency in these United States.

Isn't it queer that we should be so concerned that our poor, neglected regular army should cost a few cents more per head than those of the "cheap labor" countries that people like Borah rant so much about, and yet—we don't give a tinker's dam how much the stool pigeons and officious incompetents who help to fill the dry army, cost us? It has been my experience that, almost without exception, the prohibition fanatic is a professional pacifist, so when one of them springs the idiotic statement that if we didn't have soldiers we wouldn't have war, I can come right back with a better one—that if we had no prohibition officers we would have no drunkenness. If their statement is true, it's a cinch mine is.—*Richard W. Stevens.*

Just as We Started Giving Them Two Pages!

LA CROSSE, WIS.—Will you please send Frederick James Smith on those travels instead of Bert Green? Please send him (Mr. Smith) to the north pole or some place where he can't write any movie reviews. They are awful.—*Two Readers.*

So That's That

HOLLIS, N. Y.—Gann versus Longworth! Now, will you tell me who would step into office if President Hoover were to be assassinated (God forbid) tomorrow—Mr. Curtis or Mr. Longworth? And where would Mrs. Longworth stand?

The Vice President is always the contact man. When he is fulfilling this function he is accorded all the respect and courtesy accorded to the President. The major service of the vice presidency—aside from presiding over the Senate, and, at the President's invitation, attending Cabinet meetings—consists in doing something for another person, and that person is none other than the President of the United States.

It is very necessary that Mr. Curtis be accompanied to official affairs by some woman of his immediate household. Since he has no wife, what better than that his sister, Mrs. Gann, should be his official hostess?

Mrs. Longworth has nothing to do with the question.—*Louise C. Herndon.*

A Couple of Thoughts About the Polar Bear Army

WEST VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Have just finished reading, in "The Polar Bear Army," by Richard Carroll, all about those poor doughboys on the Archangel front.

Too bad they couldn't have been sent to France or Belgium. There the war was delightful.

I spent only two years and two months over there, but it was one continuous round of pleasure. No hardships; appetizing hot meals, cooked by the best chefs obtainable; palatial living quarters; short, pleasant hours for fighting; and, above all, officers who knew how to keep their places.

Then, again, we had none of those offensive British officers to upset our dignity by trying to enforce discipline. Route marches were unheard of. We would sometimes be asked if we would like to go for a stroll, but we were always at liberty to decline.

It is really terrible to contemplate those poor doughboys arriving in Archangel in September, 1918, and not withdrawing until April, 1919. What a lifetime!

And, at Archangel, the American dead reached the appalling figure of 3 per cent of their total effectives!

I am left with one great hope, though, for those long-suffering doughboys—that perhaps they escaped the greatest hardship of all—maybe the intense cold killed the cooties.—*Frank G. Vyvyan, Tank Battalion, B. E. F.*

MENOMINEE, MICH.—I knew it would come, and it did—"The Polar Bear Army," by Richard Carroll.

Every word of it is the truth, and I know, because I was there, right in the middle of that mess, with the 339th Infantry.

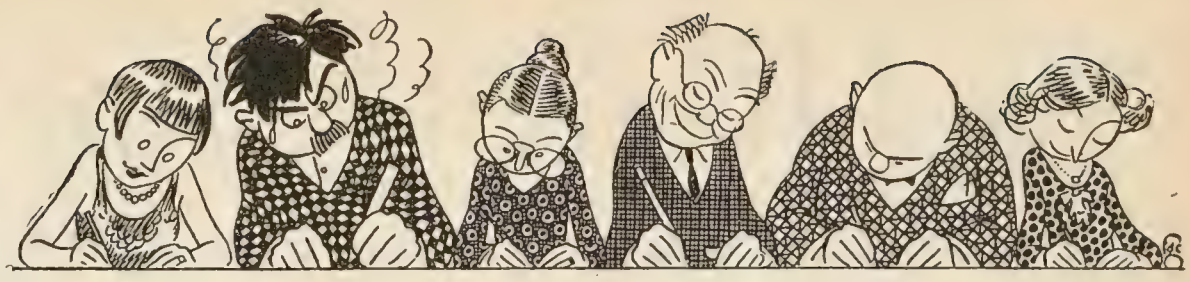
Oh, boy, I could tell you some more about it that would open up the eyes of the American people, because there are very few that know anything about the 339th and the American North Russia Expeditionary Force.—*Reider D. Holter.*

Surprising News (from Ohio) About the State of Mind in Canada

TOLEDO, OHIO—I have read with interest a letter from T. F. Johns which appeared in Vox Pop, and may I state right here and now that he is entirely wrong when he states that the Canadian people desire to hang to a decrepit old throne that has been the *curse* of the prosperity of the Canadian people.

I was born in Toronto, Canada, of good American parentage, and although I may be counted a Canadian citizen it was no fault of mine, and I may say that any *real* Canadian would be proud to belong to the U. S. A., as explained

Pop



by our very dear friend Floyd Gibbons, in "The Red Napoleon."

If these people who infest Canada at the present time wish to adhere to the British throne, then all they have to do is to apply to the government and have their passages paid back to the "dear old Motherland" at no expense to themselves. And here's hoping to God that they stay there.

There is just one word I can say in regard to the feeling of *real* Canadians in the U. S., and that is that some day we may hope that both countries may be united under the glorious old Stars and Stripes.—*E. Stanley Anderson, M. D.*

Postscript for Mr. Johns

WINNIPEG, CAN.—I am a Canadian and will always stick up for Canada, but I think T. F. Johns of this city went too far in his letter in Vox Pop.

He seems to have the idea that American life is one round of drinking and bloodshed after another.

I naturally prefer the Union Jack but I also hold respect for what the Stars and Stripes stands for. I think you will find that the main run of Canadians think the same.—*A Liberty Fan.*

How They Drink in Canada—

TORONTO, CAN. — Frederick Palmer got a few passing facts in his article about liquor control in the Province of Quebec, but he is away off in some of his deductions.

Let it be said that bootlegging is about as bad as before liquor control came into effect. The courts are filled every day with drunks and life is at a premium with the drunken motorist at large.

Of course the war debt is being reduced by the government's profit on liquor, and good roads are being built, but whose money is reducing the debt and building the roads? In the vast majority of cases it is the money of the poor working man who can't afford liquor, and who brings poverty into his home. But it is the youth and flapper who are drinking to excess in Canada, and booze—good or bad—leads to sex troubles.—*W. W. Whiteny.*

—And in the U. S. A.

FARMERSVILLE, TEXAS—Your letters about prohibition—pro con—have inspired me to contribute one, too.

We were driving to a small village about eight miles off a state highway. We came to a fork in the road, and stopped at a farmhouse for directions.

We honked the horn, and a lady came to the door and yelled—"Hey, what do you want? Beer or whisky?"—*Richard Hudson.*

Now We Know Exactly What to Think About Mr. Adams

SAVANNAH, GA.—W-o-w! O-u-c-h! O-o-o! "The City of Dreadful Noise," by Franklin P. Adams, was awful, frightful, monstrous. Have I made myself clear?

The next time the editor takes a vacation and leaves the selection of your articles in the hands of his deaf, dumb (emphasis on the dumb), and blind office boy without warning us on the cover, you lose a permanent customer permanently.

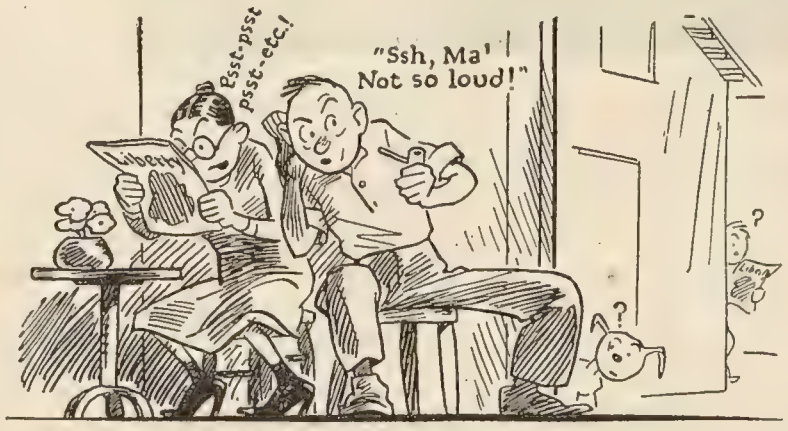
The word "noise" appeared in some form seventy-six times. Don't let it appear again.—*W. F. Cross.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Being a New Yorker, I take my hat off to F. P. Adams' article, "The City of Dreadful Noise."

Whatever you paid him, it wasn't enough!—*F. Malcolm.*

Why, Stuart!

TOLEDO, OHIO—I like LIBERTY, and read it every week—but not in public. It is not considered exactly decent any



more, you know. It used to be a "weekly for everybody," but now, ma and pa read it in privacy, and little Willie has to sneak back behind the barn, to get the latest dope on Dixie Dugan and Lillian Cory.

But for the love of Mike don't change it!—*Stuart Palmer.*

Still They Come—the Letters on "Kept"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your readers who knock Viña Delmar burn me up. Do they want realistic stories or tales from the crinoline days? I have lived in Inwood, New York City, where Miss Delmar was raised—and where "Kept" was laid—for ten years, and can say that she writes about *real* folks, for I recognize many of the characters in her short stories and books.

Inwood is full of Lillians, and our little section here in a valley, full of new apartment houses and frequent open grassy places, is neither worse, nor better than all New York or any other big city. I believe the reason why there are more immoral people in a big city than in a small town is because one can be immoral in the former, and not be found out. Folks there are too busy making money or amusing themselves to be nosey.

Miss Delmar sees right through people. In "Kept" you see, through her, the generosity, kindliness, and faith in the heart of a harlot, and the trials and boastings of a fool. Just keep on reading Delmar's books and stories and you will have a great understanding of your fellow man. You will learn to pity and love people more—not only the nice people, but all kinds.—*Sue Danna.*

HILLSIDE, N. J.—Tell Viña Delmar to try to give her next characters at least a grammar-school education, even if she has to go to night school to do it.—*F. E. Taylor.*

MISSOULA, MONT.—So a lot of Vox Poppers think Viña Delmar's fiction is trashy and immoral, and that she is wasting her God-given talents? Have they ever stopped to think she is giving us, through fiction, the one thing we poor mortals most dislike to face: namely, *facts?*—*H. F. Tavlin.*

Why Ask Us?

PALO ALTO, CALIF.—I want to take a crack at that big gunman from Chi who wrote Vox Pop and signed himself "Bow-less" instead of "Brainless." Any duck who, for no reason at all, ups and challenges Clara Bow to try and get him, right in front of all we Vox Poppers, sounds like he was trying to sneak in backwards to throw his hat in the ring over his shoulder. Probably has written Clara and received no reply, so chooses, as a novel method, this way to say "Yo ho, Clara! Here I am. Doncha dare come over!"

I'd like to see him shipwrecked on a beautiful tropical isle for six weeks with Clara Bow. Beautiful moonlit nights with those great, big eyes saying "Come hither." Brother, picture the man standing there aloof; his brawny arms folded over his hairy chest, scanning the sea for a light!

Now, I ask you!—*T. D. Harrison.*

And Furthermore

SOUTH BEND, IND.—I'd give a farm to meet Bow-less. My idea of Clara Bow is the most tantalizing bundle of sweetness ever assembled. I'd hate to stand between Clara and that passionless ice box when she tosses a come-hither smile his way.

I'd rather stop a train.—*Cliff.*

DEFIANCE, OHIO—Bow-less! You may be the Big Butter and Bullet man from Chicago, but as a critic of Clara Bow I believe you are a man who might bite himself and get hydrophobia.—*Defiance.*

Need Restful Sleep?

Then Try This *Drugless* Way As Doctors Urge

Induces Immediate Sleep . . . Makes You Feel Like a New Person All Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 50 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day; Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*) 649

Prizes!

AWARDS have been made as follows for the detection of errors in Mistake Picture No. 5, which appeared in LIBERTY for August 31.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

Stanley Anne Miller,
1800 Monroe St.,
Paducah, Ky.

SECOND PRIZE—$200

Esther W. Farrow,
308 Eddy St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

G. C. Davis,
292 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

FORTY PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Harriet M. A. Alderman, 20 Dodge Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

Floy Blane, 714 S. 39th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. J. C. Boren, 801 S. Boulder Ave., Tulsa, Okla.

F. L. Breen, 523 Church St., Decatur, Ga.

Louise M. Bulmahn, 88 Jubilee St., New Britain, Conn.

Bertha Carter, Charles City, Ia.

Hildur J. Chadbourne, 12 N. Lake Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Sue Chatfield, 1724 E. 56th St., Chicago, Ill.

Catherine Cummings, 1594 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

E. V. Dillon, 48 Strong Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

Hugh B. Dunning, 1701 S. Eighth Ave., Maywood, Ill.

George F. Dutt, 1205 Virginia St., Charleston, W. Va.

Thomas L. Edwards, 106 Ross Circle, Oakland, Calif.

Sarah E. Faison, 610 Woodward Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

Clare M. Fogelman, 175 N. Sugar St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

C. R. Folk, 913 N. Ochoa St., El Paso, Tex.

E. L. Frazier, Box 1481, Bakersfield, Calif.

Helene E. Gladstone, 117 Waverly Pl., New York, N. Y.

Frank J. Glueck, 4942 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Floyd Hall, Teachers' College, Murray, Ky.

Raymond C. Hill, 36 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ed G. Hilliard, 607 Pyramid Life Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.

John A. Kane, 49 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. G. Kunze, 6501 Smedley St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gregory J. Lanigan, 815 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Marie Le Gierse, 4653 Lancaster Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Albert E. Lemay, 168 Brook St., Manchester, N. H.

G. E. Lukas, 211 E. Daniel St., Champaign, Ill.

Joseph Malone, 810 Mercantile Bank Bldg., Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. L. G. Moffatt, 8 Ellsworth Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Helen Newhard, 327 Lincoln Way, Ames, Ia.

John M. Presson, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. Putnam, 116 126th St., College Point, N. Y.

W. H. Ritchie, 1473 Emmett St., Omaha, Neb.

Carrie H. Sipes, 305 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Clyde V. Smith, Box 320, Anderson, S. C.

L. G. Surprenant, 112 State St., Albany, N. Y.

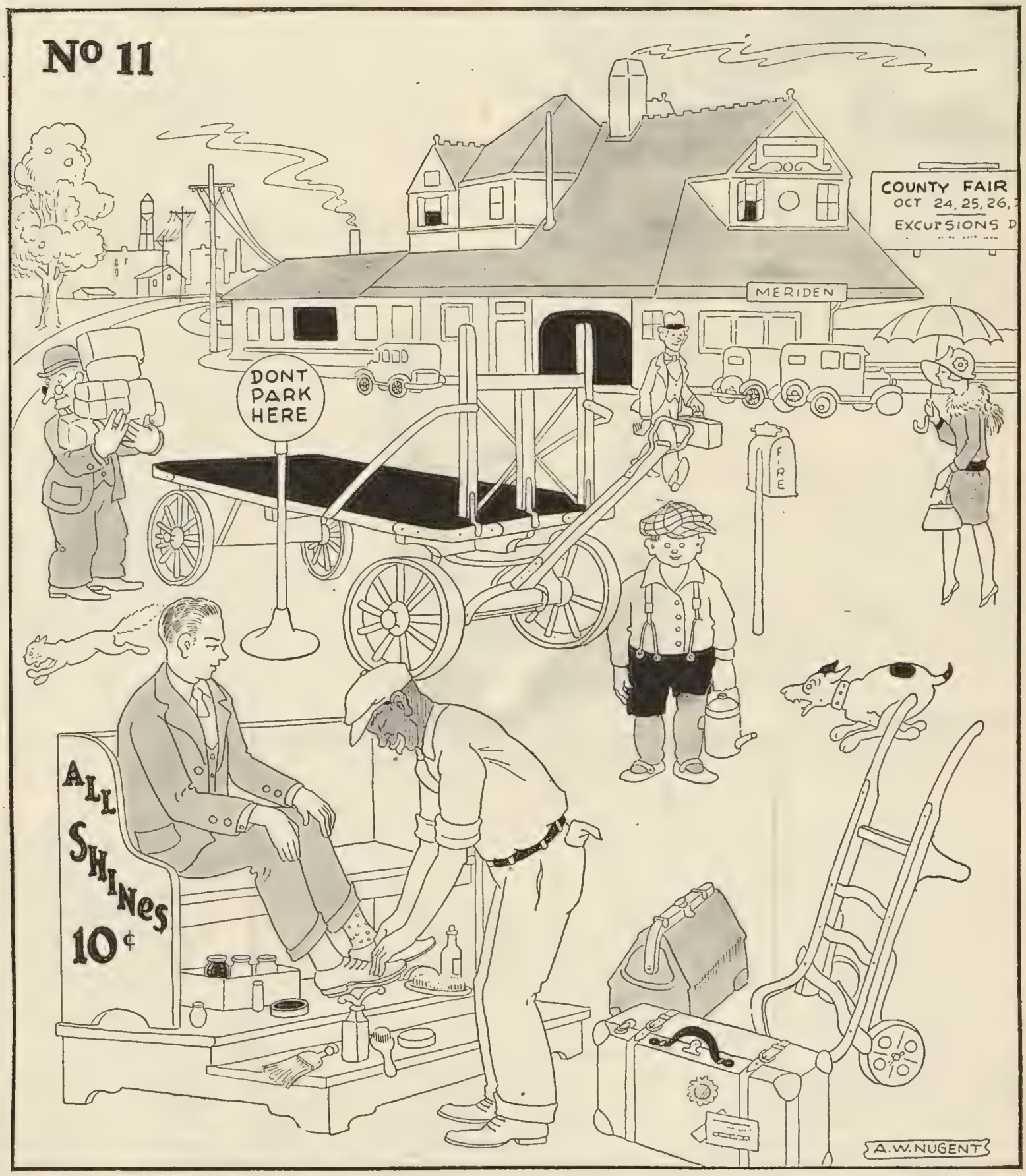
Mrs. W. P. Tisdale, Jr., 1506 N. Kansas St., El Paso, Tex.

Mrs. Elise Vernon, Box 1262, Columbia, S. C.

C. E. Young, 3977 51st St., Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

Prize awards for Picture No. 6 will be announced next week.

How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week



Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

IN drawing this picture the artist made between forty and fifty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the eleventh.

It is not necessary to indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself. You may use a tracing of it or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper. *Be sure to state somewhere the exact number of mistakes you have found.*

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How They Drink

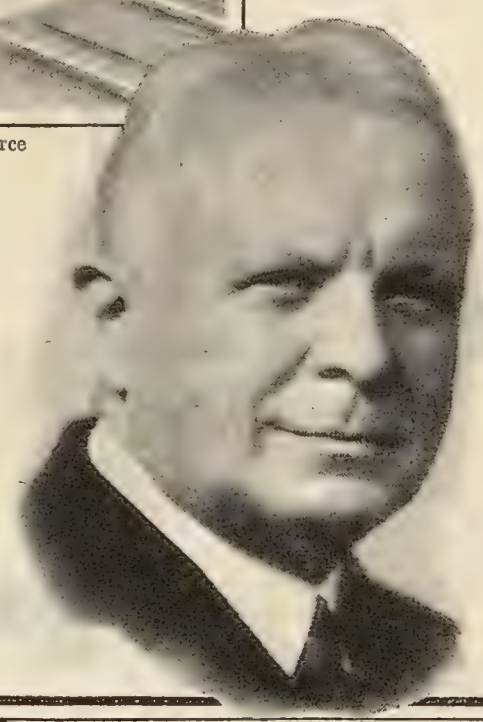
V—Liquor Control in the Grain Provinces

By

FREDERICK PALMER

Photo by Royal Canadian Air Force

The Manitoba Parliament building.



IN previous articles, Colonel Palmer has told how they don't—that is, don't lawfully—get anything to drink in Canada's two prohibition provinces, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; and how liquor control, which means government sale, has been working in the provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario.

THROUGH Canada, as on our side of the border—as far as I have gone in these articles—the rural regions have generally voted dry and the urban wet.

We have seen that back of the wet Canadian border cities in the Great Lakes region there are rural strips which have refused to have liquor stores under the Ontario liquor control system. And that back of wet Buffalo and Detroit, on our side of the border, the farmers vote dry.

In any referendum in Illinois the drys would depend upon the country districts to overcome the big wet majority in Chicago. Across the Mississippi are the arid grain states, but they are not so arid that the personal problem of how to get a drink under prohibition is as pressing as the public problem of farm relief.

P. Hardy photo

Canada's grain provinces, showing their "frontier of thirst"; and above, R. D. Waugh, the chairman of Manitoba's liquor control board.

Northward, beyond Wisconsin which recently voted wet, are the wet Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis in a rural state, Minnesota. And north and west beyond the Canadian border are the grain provinces of western Canada.

Until recently a wet-and-dry map of Canada and the United States might have borne bits of sponge for the cities on a background of sandpaper for the rural regions. Until recently! For now, by the farmer vote, all the Canadian grain provinces have adopted liquor control. And that surprising change of sentiment is not confined to the Canadian farmers.

In journeying across Canada I have kept on asking the question of why the urban communities are wet and the rural dry. It is time to give a digest of the answers which come to a head in the North American grain belt.

City life often turns the country boy who goes to town to live and work from a dry into a wet. I was told of instances of city men who had moved from town to country turning from wet to dry. Physical and mental factors of environment are responsible in either case.

The farmer does physical labor in the fresh air, ending his day in physical fatigue. He doesn't need a cocktail to whet his appetite; and the loginess of physical fatigue makes it easy for him to get to sleep.

He is rarely away from home. He has to drink either in town or where his wife and children are. His wife is on the job reminding him of the example to the children and of the cost of liquor.

THE farm hand, otherwise faithful and industrious, who now and then had to have a "good drunk," is one of the oldest of farm problems. Laid up beside the road in a stupor in the company of an empty bottle, on his return from town in the saloon days, he was a spectacle for all the neighbors to see.

In a rural community everybody knows it if anyone takes a drink. If a youth gets "under the influence" just once, town gossip records the fact in local memory.

Every village, in the old days, had its village drunkard as well as its village idiot and skinflint. He was the horrible example. When teetotalers were in a virtuous class and those who even tasted whisky were branded as sinners, then by the very propulsion of the local forces of destiny the youth who had erred once or twice might slip into the place of the village drunkard when it became vacant.

The city saloon was the breeding place of what is "city wickedness" to country people; of the temptation to which abstaining farmers' sons, on going to the city to try their fortunes, would be subjected.

The question that the local temperance society, the local clergyman who had his eye on every one of his flock, and the wives and mothers put on election day was: "Are you for the saloon or against it?" Were you for

in CANADA

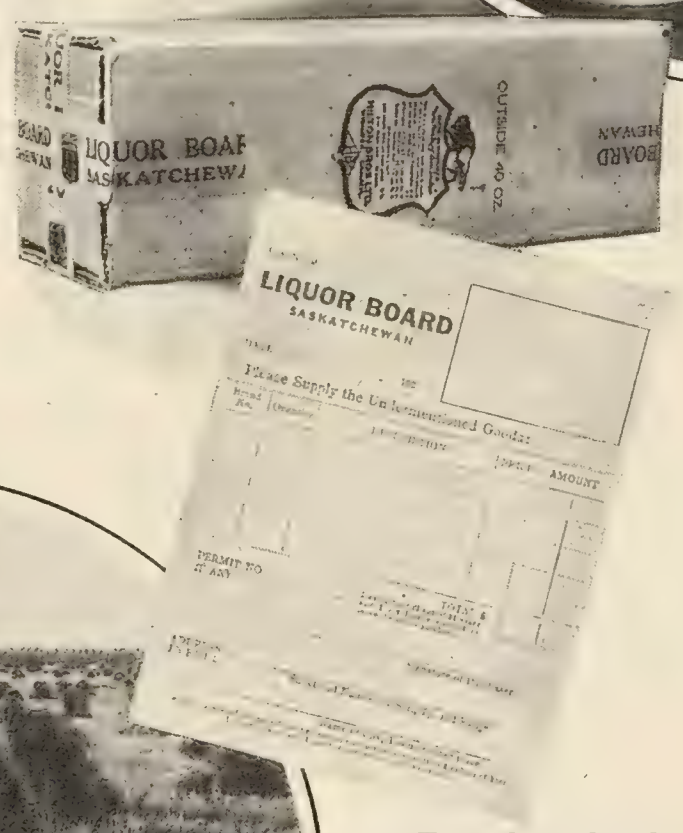
the rum devil or against him? Did you want to make more village drunkards or not? And facing the issue put in that way, even the hired man's employer, who had slipped into the saloon in town for a nip, after a glance around to make sure that nobody who knew him was in sight, would hardly keep his standing in church and community if he voted for the saloon. This led to the " rural hypocrisy " of voting dry and drinking wet which called forth urban gibes.

IN contrast to rural quiet and fresh air are the city's noise, fierce competition, and nerve-racking pressure. Instead of physical fatigue with sharp animal appetite, there are the mental fatigue and dulled appetite from sitting all day at a desk or running a machine; and there is worry about losing your job and paying next month's rent and keeping pace with your set. The urge is for something to break the strain.

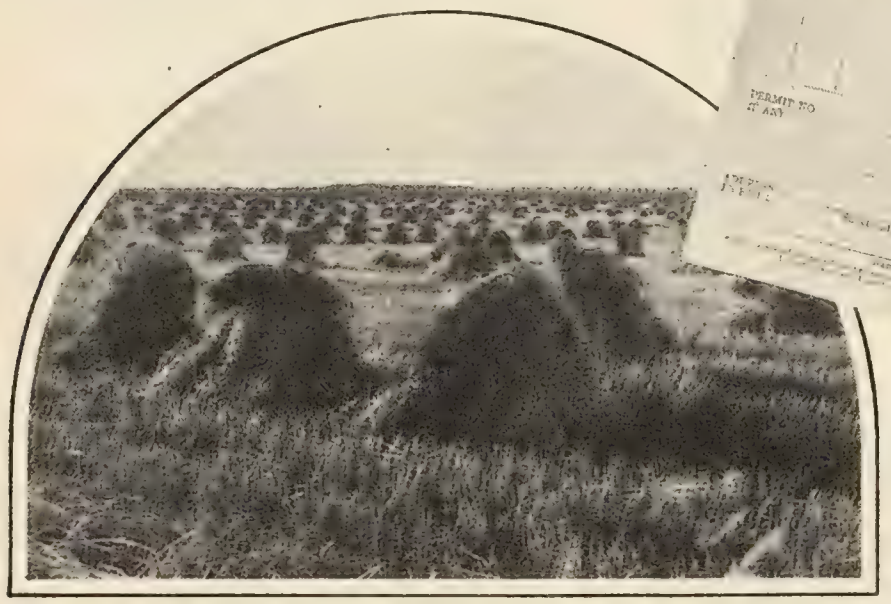
" Alcohol is a narcotic," the Anti-Saloon League keeps telling us on scientific authority. Granting the point, it does not change the fact that many men act on the principle that a " shot of whisky " or a bottle of wine or beer is one way to break the strain.

A doctor in a mental sanitarium has assured me that in some cases a spree is a valuable

Packing bottles for shipment in Saskatchewan. At the left is one all packed.



To order a bottle in Saskatchewan, you fill out a slip like this.



A scene in Saskatchewan, where wheat growing has driven the cattle off the old ranges.

" psychological release." " Not that I advocate it," he said, " but many a man has been saved from insanity by breaking his mental obsession in an occasional spree, when it was the only resource he knew. ' I feel that I'd like to get drunk ' is sometimes in answer to the call of tortured nature."

Business men have golf as a release; but some of them, when they cannot get off to play eighteen holes, play the nineteenth anyway. Hostesses weary with the city's rushing routine, young girls in the exciting social swim, take theirs in cocktails at a party.

In cities people associate in groups. A group that drinks is not under the surveillance of a group that does not. There is a larger tolerance than in the country. The individual is lost in the city's milling mass where everyone is too preoccupied with his own to bother much about others' affairs.

Instead of his being a horrible public example by the roadside, his friends put the city man who is drunk to bed or they take him home in a taxi.

TOTAL abstinence is less rare in the cities; moderation among those who drink is more common; while those who do not abstain have less social reason for concealing the fact than in the country. City people are not concerned with making the " hicks " good, and country people are with making the cities good.

And now for the surprise of the great western farm belt itself.

As the plow carried the furrows farther and farther in our own West clear to the Dakota border, new towns rose and new states were formed. North of the Dakota border more and more good wheat land was found as the world's food demand grew. New towns and new provinces were rising in western Canada.

In the same climate, of the same breed, of the same occupation on the same kind of soil, and with no lake or river to make a natural boundary—nowhere else in the world is a dividing line so truly imaginary as between the two peoples in this prairie grain belt.

While in the East many Canadians settle in the states, there is further mixing in the grain belt where there is an exchange of migrations. As an offset to the many Canadians in Chicago and the Twin Cities, many of our western farmers have sold their farms in our section of the grain belt and settled in the Canadian.

There are known to be 50,000 Americans among the more than 600,000 people in the province of Manitoba, 15,000 being in its capital of Winnipeg, which is now the world's leading primary grain market.

Winnipeg felt the pinch of the recent period of agri-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA]
Continued from page fifty-one

cultural depression, but it got a pick-me-up. After the farmers on our side of the border have their crops in, a procession of cars on improved roads—improved on the Canadian side by profits from liquor control—bear family parties northward on a great annual shopping excursion. Each member is entitled to bring in $100 worth of goods duty free.

And they go the limit, if they can afford it, returning with new overcoats, winter suits, underclothes, shoes, and gloves. If the family exchequer is flush father may indulge in a new fur cap and mother and daughter in new fur pieces. These items are from 20 to 40 per cent cheaper than in the States. What Winnipeg gains is lost by St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Bismarck, Fargo, Milwaukee, and towns farther south. The shoppers even come from Iowa and Nebraska in the golden autumn, and the economy in winter outfitting more than pays the expense of a holiday tour.

And possibly father may have in mind liquid enjoyment, too. There is room for a case of beer in the car across the border before it is loaded with purchases for the return. Father may try to bring back a bottle of something stonger than beer. Of course that is breaking the law—but he may square his conscience by voting dry at home.

Manitoba adopted prohibition in the wartime of 1917, when the soldiers were absent. At first the results were good. Then, as elsewhere, bootlegging and private stills began their deadly work. The flagrant abuses brought on a referendum in 1922, and then prohibition was discarded in favor of a very rigid liquor control law.

Of the liquor board of three, R. D. Waugh was chosen chairman. Broadly, this was as if Dawes, of the Dawes Plan, were made chairman of an Illinois liquor board. Waugh had been Canada's member of the important commission ruling the great coal region of the Saar Valley where German and French interests clashed. His two associates on the liquor board are business men.

At first Manitoba had no public sale, not even liquor stores. It went in for a strictly mail-order business. This still left the bootlegger an opening. He could undersell the government's high prices.

AFTER four years Manitoba had another referendum. The issue was not a return to prohibition but a change in its liquor control system. It voted for public liquor stores and for public drinking places where beer—but not wine, as in Quebec—might be sold.

And not taverns, as in Quebec, but parlors was the name given to the new beer halls. To Manitobans that had a more respectable sound.

After the provincial vote had decided the provincial policy, each county or municipality took a vote as to whether or not it would allow a liquor store or beer parlor in its boundaries. Ninety-six out of the 174—the towns being generally wet—had gone dry in the provincial vote; but only sixty-six did so on this succeeding local vote. So some reversed their votes, evidently to be in style and to have their citizens spend their beer money at home, so long as there had to be beer parlors.

Every four years another referendum is mandatory, which gives Manitoba a chance to change her mind about liquor. Meanwhile, on the petition of 20 per cent of the voters of a locality, an immediate referendum may be held on the question either of abolishing a beer parlor or of installing one.

This filing case holds a complete record of every lawful purchase of liquor that has been made in Saskatchewan in more than three years.

In cities there may not be more than one beer parlor to every 4,000 people. Windows must be open so anyone may look in. The licensed waiters must be male and over twenty-one. If women want beer they must go to a separate parlor where men may not enter.

No dancing, music, or games of chance of any kind are allowed. Dice may not even be shaken to see who treats. There is a heavy penalty for selling anything stronger than beer.

A parlor is just a room with tables, kept under close inspection, where beer and nothing else may be had at legally set prices of ten cents for a glass of not more than ten ounces and twenty cents for a bottle.

When you want hard stuff, after you have paid a dollar for a permit you go to the " cash-and-carry " counter of a liquor store for a bottle which, as in Ontario, may be opened only in your home or hotel room. There are special permits for druggists, hospitals, and physicians. If you want to give a banquet you get a special quantity permit which costs two dollars.

The banquet must be private; it may not be held in a public dining room. Only two banquet permits may be granted to the same applicant in a year.

BEER and liquor stores open at 10 A. M. and close at 11 P. M. except on Sundays, Christmas, Good Friday, and Manitoban Thanksgiving day and election day, when they close at 1 P. M. But liquor stores are never closed to an order for one bottle on a physician's prescription.

Big bootlegging has been beaten, and these regulations are directed against the little fellow who has two or three bottles as a side line. And also against the private stills, and against the " canned heat " and " rubbing alcohol " habits.

Among the police and on the police bench I heard no dissenting voice about the present Manitoba law. Most emphatic was the police morality squad. A veteran of twenty-two years' service declared that prohibition as he had seen it in Manitoba had been the very father of iniquity. It had provided a new way of earning a dishonest living that had turned youth to crime.

Against the views of the police experts were set those of a welfare expert—to the police, a dreamer—who spoke of instances under liquor control where, liquor being more accessible, families had suffered when breadwinners had taken to drink. And in the government offices I met a man busily preparing an exhibit for use in public schools showing the hideous effects of alcohol on the human system.

Manitoba's liquor sales have increased from $2,680,000 in 1923 to $3,985,000 in '27. In '23, under the old law, bootleggers still supplied a large proportion of the total consumed. Wine and beer drinking are on the increase at the expense of hard stuff, the sales of which rise in winter—that hard Manitoban winter.

Alcoholic cases are fewer than under prohibition; many authorities think less money is spent for liquor. I saw no drunken man in Winnipeg. I met several men who were teetotalers and had voted for prohibition but now thought liquor control was the better method. Others who saw prohibition as the ultimate goal thought that it was better approached by way of liquor control.

Now for the comparison with neighbors St. Paul and Minneapolis. They are in the prohibition administration district which extends through the Dakotas, and in which that sturdy World War veteran W. F. Harney is the active Assistant Prohibition Commissioner. Under him the Prohibition Patrol grin is markedly masked or absent. He holds public respect, as do his assistants. To

him, the Jones law was passed to be enforced. And he has made his view much felt.

As legal adviser in local prohibition administration, ex-Congressman Volstead, of Volstead Act fame, is equally sincere. Some callers who disbelieve in making laws regulating personal habits sometimes wonder about one of his own, and wonder if the amount of nicotine he absorbs as a liberal chewer of tobacco is less deleterious than a glass of wine, a glass of beer, or even a drink of whisky a day.

Naturally better obedience to the Volstead Act is to be expected in Volstead's home country, which is in the dry region, than in the wet regions of the East. There are speak-easies in the Twin Cities but they are not so numerous as in Chicago, Detroit, or Buffalo.

Assuming that prohibition can be well enforced in any large city, it should be in St. Paul, where Volstead has his office. And here we should be able to see the beneficent results, as it has had time to prove itself. Since it is impossible to get figures on the actual amount of drink consumed under prohibition, the best we can do are police and hospital figures. In 1913, under the old saloon, the admissions to Anacker, the great public hospital of St. Paul, of acute alcoholic cases numbered 401; and of chronic, 63. Under prohibition in '20, acute dropped to 181 and chronic to 26. In '21, acute shot up to 313 and chronic to 72. Then acute steadily fell to 100 in '26, and 107 in '28. Chronic cases, from the 63 under the saloon and from 26 under prohibition in 1920, have risen to 179. Chronic cases are those with or on the verge of delirium tremens.

POLICE figures are not the most reliable of evidence either way, for they are dependent on the relative leniency of different police administrations. Arrests for drunkenness in St. Paul were 3,260 in 1914 and 2,799 in '15 under the old saloon. In '19 under prohibition they dropped to 1,492; they rose to 4,081 in '25, and in '28 they were down to 3,202 or nearly as low as before prohibition. Commitments to the workhouse for drunkenness averaged about 500 a year under the saloon and these have about doubled under the recent years of prohibition.

But Judge J. V. Finehout, St. Paul's veteran police-court judge, did not think that the statistics told the story. His view of the results of prohibition was as vigorous as that of the police morality squad veteran in Winnipeg.

The kind of liquor men were getting now, he declared, made the drunks more savage and developed a worse kind of soak. A probation officer agreed with him.

Indeed, a comment I have frequently heard on this trip is that in the saloon days education, automobile driving, and the influence of the machine age were doing away with the village drunkard, the inveterate souse; but that now prohibition was bringing him back.

HALF a day's train ride across the prairies from Winnipeg brings you to the heart of the supreme grain province of Saskatchewan, whose coat of arms is three sheaves of wheat. It is more agricultural than any other province or state in North America.

Seventy-five thousand of its mounting population of about 850,000—preponderantly Mc's, Macs, Joneses, and Smiths of the British stock—are Americans who heard the call to grow the higher priced "Canadian hard" wheat on cheaper land.

Regina, the capital, with twice as many people as it had three years ago—it now has 50,000—mentions that it is the world's largest market for agricultural machinery, while it boasts of its new college buildings. Wheat production has doubled in ten years. In fact, Saskatchewan booms; and its citizens do not tell the visitor that prohibition makes for prosperity—or that government sale of liquor does, for that matter.

But Saskatchewan does tell you that the consequences of prohibition were the same in the grain regions as in the industrial regions.

Sons were carrying hip-pocket flasks to parties, after the crops were in, and daughters were tippling. It

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE OFFER. And tell me how I can make $75 to $150 a week.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested only in one for your home.

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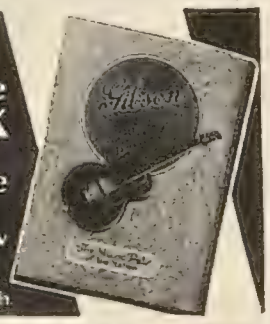

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[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA]
Continued from page fifty-three

was smart to do what was forbidden.

In 1925 Saskatchewan voted in liquor control without beer parlors. Then the former quick profits of a new millionaire, who had begun life as a small hotelkeeper, began to be diverted by the provincial government toward building some much needed roads. This king bootlegger departed for the effete East. He knew that big bonanza bootlegging was over and had ceased to be respectable.

His place was taken by the liquor control board of two: the chairman, W. W. Amos, long Deputy Provincial Secretary; and Arthur Wilson, who had served seven years in the provincial treasury.

They were told to make the system simple. They did. Nowhere else is it so simple, as far as I have gone, and nowhere else are results subject to so few qualifications. There is local option of the same sort as in other provinces.

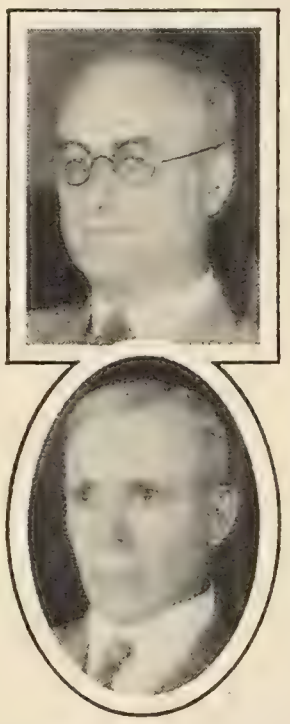
No permits are required; no questions are asked until it is found you are drinking too much. Only an order slip has to be filled out. At the store, where you make a cash-and-carry purchase, you get as a receipt a perforated slip bearing your name. Another slip—as also when you order by mail—goes to the file in the liquor board offices. That file, about three feet high and three feet broad, holds the record of every purchase and the name of every purchaser of all liquor sold since government sale was established.

The latest adding and computing machines are used by the dozen or fewer clerks, who look so eminently staid that they must have been hand-picked from the government civil service.

"It shows what a small personnel you need," said a Regina business man, "when you require no sales force."

UPSTAIRS in the shipping room one man packs the mail orders, which go forth to addresses on the distant prairies. When he takes a bottle from the bin which holds the one called for in an order, a perforated slip is dropped in the tin box in the corner of the bin. At the end of the day the slips are checked against the bottles taken. There is no way for the shipping clerk to slip a free drink to a friend.

His task and that of business administration are further simplified because drinkers in Saskatchewan have a narrower choice than in the eastern provinces. Fewer brands of each kind of liquors and wines are stocked.



Saskatchewan's liquor board. The upper picture is of W. W. Amos, chairman. Arthur Wilson is the other member.

Every day the stores and brewery warehouses report sales and stock in hand, and replenishments required. Three inspectors are always on the move inspecting stores. In the villages which have no local police, a member of the Northwest Mounted Police keeps his eye out for infractions by the little bootlegger, whose business is no longer palliated by the best citizens.

Profits of $2,000,000 a year are turned in to the provincial treasury. Sales jumped from $7,000,000 the first year of control to $10,000,000 the second, but rose only a million the third—a ratio which was hardly keeping up with the rapid growth of population.

BEER drinking increases; but even in the farming West, where beer was so rarely drunk in the saloon days, all the honors for increase go to wine. Native Ontario wines are delivered to the purchaser, however remote, for $2.25 a gallon, including the jug, or less than the price of a quart of good whisky. I was told that where the young can have wine at home the flask habit has lost its thrill for them.

Where teetotal farmers and especially their wives used to take patent medicine having 30 to 50 per cent alcohol as a tonic. they now treat themselves and their friends around the radio on long winter evenings to a glass of wine, which may not have so much kick but is more agreeable to the taste and doubtless quite as efficient as a tonic.

Having sampled loganberry wine, offered by British Columbia growers, many consumers are developing a preference for that. A California wine grower, who appeared in the hope that he could arrange a little export business, found that the board favored home producers.

When profits on the wheat crop are high, Saskatchewan farmers go to southern California to escape winter blizzards. I asked one if he did not miss his wine.

"I get plenty of it through the bootleggers, though I have to pay more," he replied. "They're making wine so openly now in California that when they make it of grapes as they used to it is getting pretty good again. But beer! Keep off the beer when you cross the border! An alcohol 'stick' in near-beer!"

It is not for members of the world-famous Northwest Mounted Police to talk on public issues any more than it is for our own regulars. Nevertheless veterans, officers, and youngsters of the file were unanimous to the effect that liquor control made law enforcement easier than prohibition.

"Acute alcohol cases? We hardly know such a thing," I was told at the

Regina public hospital. " In the last two months we have pumped out a couple of heavy drunks."

Not even in Quebec is liquor control so universally accepted as in Saskatchewan. The only point in question is the advisability of establishing beer parlors.

" Women who learned to drink under prohibition," said a matter-of-fact Regina business man, " are for liquor control because they get good stuff, and it seems to be making them more temperate."

South of Saskatchewan is North Dakota. No state is more rural. It adopted state prohibition in 1889. Recently an act was passed requiring a license for barn dances because they had become so disorderly as the result of flasks and bottles.

Well-to-do Dakotans may treat themselves occasionally to Canadian beer at 75 to 90 cents a bottle, I learned when I was in Fargo. For Canadian Scotch they must pay $7 to $9 a bottle, although they are near the border; while that which passes by for want of purchasers goes south to Omaha and even to Kansas City within the circle of the Kentucky moonshine distribution belt.

St. Paul and Minneapolis " capitalists " find the Missouri River region the best place for illicit stills to supply the Dakota and Montana markets. A still that runs two months without being raided pays handsomely on the investment. Moonshine is also shipped in from St. Cloud, Minnesota.

One thing that helped to hold North Dakota loyal to prohibition for many years, aside from the sight of the village drunkard, was the twenty or thirty saloons which flourished across the river from Fargo in Moorhead, Minnesota, before prohibition.

It is North Dakota which holds the biggest departure on our side of the border from the urban-wet-and-rural-dry tradition. In the referendum of 1928 the city of Fargo, perhaps in memory of those Moorhead saloons, went dry. Although women were voting, the percentage of the dry majority in '28 was about the same as in 1889 when only men voted.

In '89 the vote was 17,393 wet to 18,552 dry, and in '28 it was 96,837 wet to 103,696 dry. The total vote on the referendum in '28 was 40,000 less than the vote for the Presidential electors. Locally, the part played by the feeling, " What's the use? You can't get anywhere when it takes three-fourths of the states to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment! " in the minds of those who did not vote on the referendum, was very much stressed.

But the great point—the knock-out fact which I would not believe until I went over the election records—was that against many town precincts voting dry there were large numbers of rural precincts voting wet. It seems that word about the results of liquor control across the border had reached Dakota farm parents who knew the effects of the stuff drunk at barn dances. Expert political opinion was not at all certain that between the two, liquor control, if it could be applied, would not win over prohibition in North Dakota.

The concluding article of this series, dealing with Alberta and British Columbia, will appear next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Dairy Made

Frances, aged four, was being shown through the dairy by her mother and the dairyman. After looking over all the cows, she turned to the dairyman and said: " You have a lovely cow park."—Lillie Novit, Dublin, Texas.

* * *

That's What They Told Him

Raymond's mother was trying to get him to say smoke instead of 'moke. Thinking to catch him unawares, she asked: " What comes out of the chimney? "

Raymond skillfully got around that. " Why—Santa Claus," he beamingly replied.—(Miss) Dorothy Ford, 307 Congress Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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"Getaway Day"

A Story of Two Thoroughbreds

By

EUGENE K. CAMPBELL

who knows his horses. Not so many years ago Mr. Campbell was famed as a gentleman jockey of unusual skill, who brought his mounts home first in grueling steeplechases and was in at the death at many a hunt meet. More recently he has been a newspaperman and now he writes of horses as skillfully as he rode them.

Pictures by FRANK HOFFMAN

IT was after his valet had taken up the breakfast tray and was on his way out of the room with it, that Cliff Bannister recalled him and had him take also the silver cigarette box with its companion lighter which he had placed on the bedside table when he lifted the tray away.

The box, plain and fine in design and with Bannister's racing colors on it in enamel, had been Sylvia Compton's gift to him the day he turned in his rider's license and announced his purpose of assembling his own stable of runners and racing them in competition with her father and the other dominant figures of the turf. So that it was symbolic to him of the intrepid move upward he had had the hardihood to make; and representative also of the sudden social success which had come almost automatically to him on his stepping into his new character of owner out of that of the premier jockey of his time.

But it was his symbol above everything of Sylvia herself. Emotion about her surged in him every time he touched it, or for as long as it was anywhere within his sight. It was not practical, therefore, for him to have it near him if he was to think with any clarity at all of that grim condition in his affairs which had been building about him since the opening day of the race meeting of which this was to be the last day.

With the box removed out of the room he came to an upright position among his pillows, and lighted one out of a paper packet of cigarettes which he produced from the handkerchief pocket of his sleeping suit of orange silk.

With it between his lips, and in the setting of the showy hotel bed, he had the aspect of the fastidious young man of the world rather than of the professional race rider, for he had been born light boned and slender. Nor was there about him anything to reveal that his present reflections were of a sort to chill the heart.

He was at the end of his ready-money rope. He had set up as owner on a scale too good and a capital not good enough to swing it, and the breaks had been straight against him. He had in hand just sufficient money to cover his pay roll and send his horses on to the next meet of the metropolitan circuit. Unless his Aladdin, the best horse he had in his string, won the stake event today—

He leaned suddenly down and forward in the monkey crouch, his hands out before him as though he held reins in them: "Come on-n-n-n-n, you Aladdin," he breathed hardly audibly. "Attaboy, Caparelli! Hold him—hold him! Now, kid—NOW! Unwrap him! Shake him out!"

He rested back among his pillows again and a shadow flitted over his face as he remembered how Crawford Compton, the father of Sylvia, had offered him twenty-five thousand for Aladdin at the beginning of the season, and how he had turned the offer down. The memory brought him up in bed again.

"Twenty-five grand. And I told him to go jump in the lake. Boy, I should have been measured for a padded cell that day."

His valet, suddenly materializing, coughed.

"A gentleman has just sent his name upstairs, sir. Mr. Crawford Compton. He desires— That will be his knock now, sir." His servant's ear had divined instantly that the summons at the door was that of a person of condition and not possibly an employee of the hotel. He did not even hesitate for his master's permission as he moved swiftly to open it.

Mr. Crawford Compton walked confidently into the room. His whole manner stated that wherever he went he was received as an event. In age he was fifty or around it; perfectly fed, perfectly bathed, the habit of authority as apparent on him as his mustache. But for the errand he had come on, he had it under wraps.

"Hello, Cliff," he said, and dropped into a chair. "How's the dancing man? You're turning all the girls' heads—did you know it? Mine declares you're the poetry of perfection when the band strikes up. Go it, boy. You'll be young only once in your life."

He laughed pleasantly and flicked a fleck of something off one glove with the other glove. He desired to indicate that it was perfectly all right with him if Sylvia found dining and dancing and popping about with Cliff Bannister stimulating. That was what famous jockeys—if it amused his daughter—were for.

"We didn't see you out at the track with the early birds this morning," he said next.

Charivari was giving his last ounce.

"No," Cliff answered. "I didn't go out. I've nothing running this afternoon except Aladdin, so I took forty winks. I don't work him the mornings of his races."

"No. Naturally." Compton uncrossed his legs and recrossed them the other way. "Of course not. It's curious, but do you know, Cliff, that horse of yours still keeps his hold on my imagination?"

Cliff's pulse moved up, but he kept his face impassive.

"You see," Compton went on, "when I offered you twenty thousand for him last spring—or was it twenty-five?—I liked him because I thought he was a race horse. I've changed my opinion about that, but I still find him interesting from a different viewpoint."

"He has the best four legs in this afternoon's race," Cliff put in. He was not congenitally a business man. He spoke without thinking of anything except that Compton had crabbed his horse.

Again Compton laughed very pleasantly:

"Dream on, old chap, till I give you your awakening. I promise you my Charivari will beat him by a furlong of lengths today. I'm not even thinking about him as a factor in the race. It's as an experiment in blood lines that he appeals to me.

Compton brought his glasses down and said to Sylvia: "That disposes of that scrub. From now, he's out of it."

"WHAT I mean," he continued, deliberately and smoothly, "is that he's the only three-year-old of any class at all—for he has won a few moderately good races—who's bred exactly the way that he is bred, and that I would like to cross his blood with that of certain of the matrons at my Kentucky place and see what the result in foals would be. If I'm not wrong, he may develop a measure of success as a sire—if crossed, that is to say, on the strains I have in mind and which I'm keeping to myself as my private laboratory secret. You yourself couldn't earn anything with him at service, because on his record there'd be no patronage for him. Well, what do you say? I offered you twenty-five last time, didn't I? All right, Cliff; I'll raise it a white chip this morning and offer you thirty. Have I bought a horse?"

For a few seconds Cliff couldn't speak even. Then he said, mainly because he thought something ought to be said, "You mean, Mr. Compton, that you'd like a yes or no on it right now?"

"Certainly not." Compton got up. "That wouldn't be observing sportsmanship, Cliff. You'll naturally want to mull it over. Suppose you let me know at the track this afternoon and I'll write you a check right there. You might do a lot worse, old fellow, though, mind, I don't urge you for a moment. But for a point of honor it's my firm belief the horse has no future except for me to experiment with. Very likely not even then. Well, we'll meet at the track, then." He held out his hand and Cliff took it.

"Thank you, Mr. Compton," he said. "I hope the horse won't disappoint you if you buy him. I'll think your offer over carefully and let you know this afternoon right after the race."

Compton stopped halfway to the door:

"Thank you, Cliff, for bringing the point up. I'm amazed that I should have omitted it. It won't be possible for me to see you after the race. I'm leaving for London by the Mauretania at midnight and will have to return to town after the race as quickly as my car can carry me. In town, till the boat leaves, every moment of my time will be taken up. No, I'm afraid we'll have to see each other before the race. You'll be lunching at the clubhouse, won't you? I'll look you up then."

Cliff, who had gotten out of his bed to see him into the corridor, got back into it as soon as the door clicked after him and closed his eyes. Every fiber in his body relaxed in a glow of miraculous delivery.

Thirty grand! What a fairy tale of a break. In a jam like this, equal to all the money in the world. A horse of great promise, Aladdin, but he hasn't shown the

Caparelli was still hand riding.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["GETAWAY DAY" Continued from page fifty-seven]

public yet. A good scout, Compton—a good open-handed scout, too. Of course, if the money changes hands before the horses go to the post, Aladdin won't be able to go to the post except as Compton's horse. Probably Compton—

Like a bolt he came upright in bed again and jammed his thumb on the push button that summoned his valet.

"Leon," he addressed his servant the moment the man was in the room, "do you know who Crawford Compton is who was just in here?"

"Certainly, sir. Mr. Crawford Compton is head of the great financial house of Compton and Company which was founded by his grandfather. He is head also of all the other great interests associated with the family name. He is known as a leading American magnate, sir."

"Do you know anything about him in connection with the turf?"

"Yes, sir. He is widely esteemed as a patron of the turf."

"What do you think of him?"

"I think he is a gentleman whom it must be a great honor and advantage to know, sir."

"I suppose you would. You listened in while he and I were having our little powwow?"

"I heard nothing. I was in the far room of the suite, Mr. Bannister."

Cliff gave him the friendliest of smiles: "Get me my dress pants, Leon. The ones I had on last night."

When the valet returned with them, Cliff took a roll of money out of one of the pockets and skinned a twenty-dollar bill off it.

"Here, Leon. Put it in the savings bank. Tell me now—what do you think I ought to do about the offer you heard him make?"

The valet answered without hesitation: "I think you should accept it, by all means. It will increase Mr. Compton's good will toward you if you should accommodate him by accepting. His good will is valuable."

Cliff smiled at him again. "Do you play the horses, Leon? Or know anything at all about the racing game?"

The valet shook his head in the negative.

"Then, listen, Leon. This afternoon there's to be run off what is known as the Compton Memorial, a race classic founded by the Compton you saw in here in memory of his grandfather, whom you seem to know about. I have a horse in it and Compton has a horse in it. The purse is twenty-five thousand dollars, but that doesn't mean anything to Compton. What the race means to Compton is that one of his horses has always won it. Always won it, you understand, since the year the fixture was founded. Now, what do you think about his offer?"

THE narrow clandestine face of the valet lighted with approval as he digested the information.

"Mr. Compton has great intelligence," he said. "He, of course, thinks your horse may win and that that would affect his prestige. His pride will suffer. So as a gentleman who can afford to be generous he desires to buy you out."

Bannister nodded. "Right the first time, Leon. I just wanted to be certain what angle a chap like you would take on it. Well, negotiations are all off. Compton can't have my horse if he offers a million."

The valet held up his hands in a little spasm of horror.

Cliff laughed at him. "You won't understand this, Leon, but try and get a little of it. You heard this big stiff with his high-hat talk about sportsmanship and points of honor, didn't you? And all the while the proposition he was making—even if I was too slow to get it at first—was just like the proposition some crooked bookmaker might make to some crooked kid if he was to take him out behind a grand stand and offer him a hundred dollars to pull a horse. Let me tell you a little secret about Compton. Spats and cane and the whole works, he's nothing but a rat."

"But, Mr. Bannister"—the valet was full of trepidation and earnestness—"that is unreasonable. You say the race, if you could win it, is worth twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Compton's offer to you was thirty."

Cliff laughed. "Of course it was. That's why it goes over your head. Cheer up, Leon, you'll be a valet all your life. Snap me a suit of clothes out here quick," he ordered as he jumped out of bed. "I'm shooting right out to the track to see if any of Compton's soft-shoe men have been working on the people around my barn."

His car and chauffeur were at the curb outside the hotel by the time he was dressed and downstairs; and he had taken the wheel and was in the thick of the traffic of Fifth Avenue before there descended on him the realization that with Compton's offer thrown overboard the wolf was back at his door again.

IT needed all the beauty of the lovely day to fortify his courage. The clear blue sky overhead and the direction in which the light wind was blowing were at least good omens. They meant that by midafternoon the air would be exactly adapted to the breathing of horses and the track as fast as lightning—Aladdin's kind of a day. Cliff had at different times ridden all the horses in the race and knew their speed resources, staying qualities, and dispositions. The long end of the purse would come to more than twenty thousand dollars. On the dope, as he reviewed it, things looked right for Aladdin if he was handled without a mistake and got the breaks.

"The breaks—that's the trouble," he said aloud. "They've been anything but what they ought to be lately."

"It's the city traffic knocks the tar out o' them, boss," declared the chauffeur at his elbow. "The ones on this car was relined a week ago if you'll remember."

Cliff smiled at the ready alibi. "The car's all right," he answered. "I was thinking of a couple of another kind."

They chatted after that until the car was at the Queensboro Bridge entrance, when Cliff let his thoughts go back to Compton again. How plausible Compton was, and how thorough! And able, if you defined the word according to the measure by which a man looks out for himself. Cliff had heard somewhere that the big numbers in finance had their own methods of learning just where every man they dealt with stood and what his credit and bank balance were. Without a doubt Compton had checked him up before making his morning call; knew to a hair the state of the jam he was in when he came to tempt him.

He was in the middle span of the Queensboro Bridge, right over Welfare Island, when his mind moved forward to a fuller comprehension of Compton, and he perceived in its whole subtlety and cold blood what the man had tried to do to him.

Ruin him with Sylvia. It was as manifest as daylight. He could almost hear him saying in his modulated authoritative voice:

"I'm afraid I must ask you to chuck that chap, Sylvia—give over being seen with him. It's your good I'm thinking of. He's not our kind and can never be. Hasn't even a bit of sportsmanship about him. Nothing but a fellow I can buy and sell."

He eased the car out of traffic and had the chauffeur move over and take the wheel:

"I'm riding the rest of the way in the back seat, Barney. Something's come up that I've got to think out."

Established by himself as the car moved forward in the traffic stream again, Sylvia came straight to the front of his considerations, and his money situation, Compton, even the race, moved out of them.

The state of his heart toward her was that which comes once in any life and not again. He knew that clearly. He had known it almost from the moment he had met her

the year before, when he had won the Compton fixture for her father, and there had sprung straight up between them that bond of attraction and understanding which increases with contact and time.

She was twenty-three years old then—late for a girl of her station to be unattached. Soon afterward he had heard her quoted as saying she would never marry until she met the man intended for her, and that she would know him. The day he turned in his riding license and she gave him her token of the silver box, the doors of the circle in which she lived and moved were opened wide to him, and since then he had seen her continuously—nearly every day.

He believed without vanity that she cared about him sincerely and fearlessly. Much that they had had to say to each other, the look that came in her eyes sometimes, gave him every foundation for believing it. He was undaunted by the wealth and great position of her people. That was not his brand of humility. He was used to fame, used to equality, and used to money. For, in the period that he was the sensation of the American turf, his earnings by fees, contract, and in stake percentages had been regularly around fifty thousand dollars a year.

What harassed him about her, as he thought of her deeply and hard, was whether—if like begot like in humans as it did in horses—there was in her anywhere a kinship with the spirit of ruthlessness and domination which he had had revealed to him that morning under her father's gloss of easy friendliness. The charming and kindly side of her was all the side he knew. Did she, too, reach out and appropriate as a matter of course? Did she, too, remove from her way whatever might embarrass it, and assume that whatever chimed with her interests was paramount and its contrary neither here nor there? He had been told that the people who lived on the same plane with her were all like that.

HE put the dark thought out of his mind as treachery to her as his car arrived at the race track. He was to have luncheon with her at the clubhouse. And it was as he would see her across their table, lovely and gracious and fine, that her image walked with him while he hurried over to the section of stables where his horses were quartered and made expert inspection of Aladdin in his box stall.

The horse was right. His eyes, his pulse, what he did with his ears, the state of his coat, the way he stood and moved in his stall, proclaimed it beyond a question. Cliff picked up one of his feet. It was as cool as a winter apple.

"He's right on the ball, boss," said Cliff's stable superintendent. "He'll give Compton's horse the run of his life today. Say, listen. There was a dressed-up gink around here a while ago tried to pass me a check that he said was for you. Said Compton sent him and that it was all set. Know anything about it?"

"God, yes—everything! Did he get you to take it? If he did, I'm—"

"Not me. Nobody passes me money unless I know what the play is. I been around race tracks too long."

"What kind of a looking fellow was he?"

"Not a horseman. A sort of a not-quite-it society guy. Panama and cane and a flower in his buttonhole. I played dumb and stood for him till he started to 'my man' me, and then I told him to take the air or I'd give him the air."

Cliff thought he recognized one of Compton's staff of personal secretaries from the description. He learned that he had reasoned rightly when at noon he went over to the clubhouse. Two or three of them were always hovering at whatever places Compton went.

Boutonnière and all, the special secretary was at the main entrance waiting for him; a man in his middle thirties, molded and mannered and smooth as velvet.

"So sorry, Mr. Bannister, but Mr. Compton is tied up in town and can't possibly be here till just before the stake race. He's passing up an enormously important board meeting in order to do even that. However, the important thing for you," and he smiled, "will be that he has kept the letter of his bargain and that here's the check. One of his stable staff is on the porch and will go right over after the horse."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ACIDOSIS may be causing your HEADACHE

HEADACHES are danger signals warning us that something is wrong. Causes are many, a very common one being a too-acid diet resulting in the more common type of Acidosis. This diet is an overconsumption of good and necessary but acid-forming foods (eggs, fish, fowl, bread, meat and cereals,) with an inadequate amount of alkaline-reaction foods (Oranges, Lemons and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk.)

Many persons frequently afflicted with headaches have lived largely on a diet of acid-forming foods, and are surprised to find their headaches disappearing with a change of diet.

It is easy to balance the daily menu to prevent this type of Acidosis—a decrease of the acid-reaction foods outlined above, and a liberal use of Oranges and Lemons which fruits have been found to be particularly effective both in preventing and correcting it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, these fruits though acid in taste, are alkaline in their final reaction. A glass of Orange Juice with breakfast and several times during the day will do much toward preventing this type of Acidosis, and the headaches caused from it.

Another form of Acidosis responsible for headaches may develop when meals are omitted. This is due to an improper use of body fat when the body draws upon its own tissue for energy. The person who habitually goes without breakfast is subject to headaches. The woman who rushes off to shop without time for breakfast invariably returns home with a gripping headache. Obese persons who try to reduce by omitting meals or all sugar-containing foods, commonly develop headaches.

Orange Juice and Lemon Juice are often quick remedies for headaches caused by this type of Acidosis. *Regular, well-balanced meals with the liberal use of citrus fruit are the best preventives.*

If you wish to know more about Acidosis send for the popular free booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." It also discusses Safe Reducing diets with suggested menus, together with menus for a well-balanced diet to prevent and correct Acidosis. Mail the coupon at once.

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Sylvia waited until a waiter had gone before she said: "Cliff, you appear a little sunk. Has anyone been pulling a bat on you?"

["GETAWAY DAY" Continued from page fifty-nine]

Cliff looked at the bit of paper—of just the required thinness and fineness and special color; a miniature art creation in stationery—but did not touch it.

"Tell Mr. Compton, please," he answered, "that he's wrong about there being any bargain. I was to have till this afternoon to decide and I've decided. Tell him the horse isn't for sale to anybody at any price."

To Compton himself he would have said anything that Compton might have provoked him to say. But not to his secretary. In his measure of men a secretary was simply some one who carried a message and took a message back.

He moved to go away, but the secretary moved in front of him. He had turned pale.

"Look here, Bannister. This is absolutely unthinkable. Have you any conception of the insanity of what you propose doing? Mr. Compton is some one simply no one should attempt to cross. I shall tell him I was at special pains to inform you of that."

Cliff looked at him a moment in unruffled good humor.

"Do, if you want to. And then tell him I said I heard you and that I'm somebody nobody should attempt to double-cross."

He saw Sylvia come in then and went up to her immediately, leaving the secretary standing.

SHE was of the light golden type of arresting beauty—breath-taking almost in the matched loveliness and balanced perfection of her. You saw her at first only as heart-clutching and whole; before you saw at all that her eyes were clear aquamarine, the sculpturing of the face without a blemish, the hair with that quality which decoys the light and preserves it prisoner. She was slight in figure, her height just under that of Bannister, who was tall for a race rider, and each was a foil for the other—she smiling and gracious and golden; he dark and dandy and debonair—as they stood in talk a moment before moving together toward the place which they meant to occupy by a window looking out over the club sward.

Eyes watched them from all sides. Gossip traded its glances and murmured its word after them as they went across the main room, for they were a topic.

They had gone half the distance to their reserved place when their plan of a luncheon *vis-à-vis* was brought to bankruptcy by a group of their friends, who were gathered about a table for six and were rife in discussion concerning a woman of the first social consequence and a coveted picture.

As they tried to pass the debaters one of the young men of the party sprang up and gathered Sylvia into a place beside him, and a girl laid hands on Cliff and drew him down.

"Listen to this," said the youth who had captured Sylvia. "The lot of us have been talking in circles about a silly situation over a painting and we want a couple of fresh minds on it. Sylvia, you know old Mrs. De Courtenay—and, Bannister, you of course know who she is. Well, it appears that she's taken up collecting Gilbert Stuarts and has discovered a perfectly marvelous one that another woman has and won't sell because it's a family portrait. I call that silly."

"In what way silly?" Sylvia inquired.

"Don't you be silly too, Sylvia," the young man retorted.

"You can see perfectly what I mean. If a woman of Mrs. De Courtenay's importance wants a picture and some one has it, whoever has it ought to sell it. That's my view."

"Who is the woman who has the picture?" Sylvia asked.

Cliff looked away from her and then down at the table. Questions and answers were becoming appalling. The youth who was her interrogator saw eye to eye with Leon the valet. Would Sylvia, when his next question came, see eye to eye with Mrs. De Courtenay and with her father?

THEN a girl across the table saved the situation for him.

"Stop being an ass, Gerald. No one's opposing you but me. And I'm not except that I maintain Mrs. De Courtenay hasn't offered the price she should expect to pay."

"Oh!" said Gerald. "Then there's no discussion. Bother the price. It's the principle of the thing that's of importance." He turned to Bannister:

"Cliff, old chap, what do you like in the first two races?"

Cliff took the program he had and indicated with a pencil what he thought the best bets were. He made an especial notation beside one horse's name:

"This one has been working particularly well and is in only ordinary company. Whatever the price against him is now, it's sure to be backed down before he goes to the barrier."

Gerald jumped up forthwith: "Who's going with me while the going's good? Any more sporting blood at this table?"

It appeared that the pulses of all the original table party throbbed with it, for within the next few minutes Sylvia and Cliff were by themselves.

Sylvia waited until a waiter had come and gone before she said:

"Cliff, you appear a little sunk. Has anyone been pulling a bat on you?"

She used the phrase with a touch of gusto. She delighted in the argot of racing. She delighted, too—and it was a delight to him to watch her—in standing and screaming with the *polloi* when a field came down the stretch in a driving finish. She would shrill the whole gamut of the track slang then, while she "pulled" with snapping fingers, dancing with excitement, and clutching at whoever was near. It was a part of her charm that she was completely without affectations.

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied, looking at her and then away from her. "Perhaps I'm a little nervous about Aladdin. It's an important day for him. I must go over to him soon."

Surprise came into her eyes. "For the short end of the purse you mean? Do you really believe you can place him?"

"Better than that," he said. "I hope to win with him."

The surprise that had been in her eyes faded out and utter astonishment replaced it.

"Win with him?" she said. "Win with him? Why, Cliff, the race has always been father's race. Every year he has always won it. He feels he owns it."

He nodded. "Yes, I know he does. But I'm out to take it away from him today. Will that put much dynamite under him?"

"Dynamite?" She breathed the word slowly and her face turned completely grave. "It will all but destroy him."

She stopped and waited. Then said, her hands linked in tenseness on the tablecloth:

"You must take every word of this with absolute seriousness. I don't believe his pride in himself will ever recover."

Then she laughed, a nervous tried-for laugh, and announced:

"But we're talking nonsense. Aladdin's completely out of it. What earthly reason have you for supposing he has a chance?"

She asked the question. He could answer it or evade it. If he told the truth he knew that she was sufficiently well horse-informed to realize the vital value of it to her father—or her father's trainer if Compton failed to reach the track in time. They would reshape their whole plan of the race on the information if she should communicate it, making their horse's victory a practical certainty. Cliff would have to leave Sylvia and go to his barn in a quarter of an hour. He thought swiftly. Then, comprehending just what he was doing and meaning to do it, he plunged.

"I HAVE this reason," he told her, while she listened with all her attention. "And if there's anything you don't understand as I go along, interrupt me and I'll make it plain."

He looked quietly in her eyes: "In the first place, my horse is a faster horse than your father's. I'm a judge of that because I've been a professional rider. The horses are about evenly matched in courage, endurance, stamina, and the will to win. But mine has the legs. And the only reason the race offers me a first-class chance instead of a walk-over is because your father's horse—and he's a very great horse—is as cold as ice while mine is temperamental.

"I am relying to win on this twist in his temperament: If he once passes his field when he is running and finds himself alone in front, he considers he has done a full day's work and will drop back and let the field go by him. Now, Caparelli, the young Italian who is to have the mount on him, has good intelligence and will do what I tell him. My instructions will be to set Aladdin behind the pace and keep him there until the last turn. Then he is to bring him forward a horse at a time until he is at the quarters of your father's horse or whatever horse is leading. Your father's horse will be, probably.

"He is to keep him in that position, using his judgment according to how your father's horse—or the leading horse—is still running, and then somewhere in the last half-furlong begin to unwrap him, shaking him out all the way barely soon enough to let him head the leader just before the wire. It will take all the judgment Caparelli has, but he has first-class judgment and is cool.

"As I see it, only two things can happen to make Aladdin lose. He's headstrong and will fight to lead all the way and may get out of Caparelli's hands. Or the boy may shake him out a couple of strides too soon and have him drop back on him with the finish line a foot away. Everything rests with Caparelli. If I were riding the horse myself, it'd be child's play."

He added, after he had waited a moment and she made no answer:

"Is everything clear to you—everything I've told you?" Still she made no reply. He looked at her and still waited. Her face was inscrutable. Then he looked past her down the length of the room and saw her father's secretary—the one who had tendered him the check—coming hurriedly toward them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS
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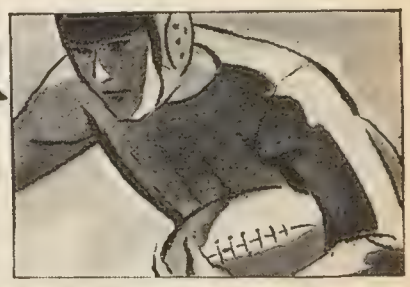

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["GETAWAY DAY"
Continued from page sixty-one]

The secretary did not even glance at him as he bowed and spoke suavely to Sylvia:

"Mr. Compton has arrived from town, Miss Compton, and desires to see you."

She looked up at him kindly. "In a moment. Please say that I will join him within a few minutes."

The secretary bowed again but looked troubled. "I am extremely sorry, Miss Compton, but Mr. Compton directed me to say that he requests you to join him immediately."

She rose without delay.

"I will go with you, then." She said a word of conventional regret to Cliff as he, too, got to his feet, and then left him without their eyes meeting again.

He watched her until she was out of the room. Then looked about it and saw that it was nearly emptied. While he was signing the bill the waiter brought, the bugle for the first race sounded. He made an effort when he heard it and put Sylvia out of his conscious mind. Then leaving the clubhouse, went quickly over to his stable.

The Compton stake was fourth on the card, and his men were already leading Aladdin out when he reached the box stall. His stable superintendent had the horse's bridle.

"Just like you left him, boss. Right up on his toes and crying to go."

They walked the horse to the paddock by a long way round; entering it with him just as the field for the race before theirs filed out and the horses which were to run against him began coming in.

There were five of them—all first-rank stake horses, the best quintet of three-year-olds in training. Charivari was led in within a few minutes after Aladdin, his handlers bringing him to the place in the inclosure next to Aladdin's to give him the advantage of a space of tree-shade there while they unclothed him and gave him his last light rub over.

HE was the season's outstanding three-year-old. A big bright chestnut with a blaze and socks, who ran his races as consistently as a machine. He was perfectly docile in the paddock, for his nerves never gave him trouble. He had a world of speed; was like a flash at the barrier, and an indomitable stayer. He raced in an open bridle invariably, while Aladdin, who was his utter opposite in nervous make-up, always wore the rogue's bonnet when he ran. Cliff was tying its fastenings at his throat latch, with Caparelli standing waiting to get up, when he heard Compton's voice and then Sylvia's.

He looked at once toward where they were. They had just arrived. Sylvia was facing away from him, but Compton could see him, and did. His face reflected no recognition. Cliff shrugged and gave him cold stare for cold stare. He tried not to believe that Sylvia's failure to see him had been deliberate when, after the horses had left the paddock to go out to the track, he walked toward the track himself a few yards behind her and her father. But profound depression was his companion. Father and daughter went on through the paddock wicket and along in front of the grand stand to a position looking over the rail immediately at the finish line. He took up his own position so close behind them that he could have touched them, for he, too, had to be where he could see along the line when the horses crossed it. The finish would be close—he was sure of that. And on the money side it meant salvation for him or disaster.

THE race was at a mile and a sixteenth, so that the start was almost directly in front of the grand stand. With the field small and the parade short the horses were already aligned as Cliff took up his watcher's position. The barrier was snapped up and they were off. The roar from the stands was followed by intense quiet.

Charivari, on the rail and away first, led to the clubhouse turn with all the other horses except Aladdin bunched close behind him, and Aladdin last. Caparelli took Aladdin around the turn and the one beyond it by the overland route and was still back when the field went into the back stretch.

Compton brought his racing glasses down and said to Sylvia with a short laugh:

"That disposes of that scrub. From now, he's out of it."

Sylvia shook her head: "No, father, he isn't. He's being rated. Caparelli isn't to make his move until they come into the stretch."

He had lifted his glasses to watch the field again. They came down instantly.

"Sylvia"—his tone was peremptory—"Sylvia, that is information. How long have you known that?"

He had caught her arm. She waited, perfectly quiet, until he released her and, when he did, said:

"Since today at lunchtime."

"And why have I just learned it?"

"Because I did not tell you."

"Sylvia—"

Without replying she stepped forward a pace away from him to the rail, taking close hold of it as the field went round the far turn. Charivari still led. She leaned a little forward as he continued on, still in his front position, to the stretch turn and then into the head of the stretch and was still in the lead there.

The crowd began to roar:

"Charivari! Charivari! Charivari!"

He was the season's foremost horse—the red-hot favorite.

Suddenly the roar died.

Caparelli had made the first of his instructed moves—sent Aladdin through a gap up right behind Charivari. The gap had been an instant's opportunity, and Aladdin had moved through it like a dark flash. Caparelli had him back in his lap and was in full control as the crowd realized the boy's strategy and the horse's immense speed resources. But there was no cheering. The silence was absolute, breathless—tense with disappointment.

Then Sylvia broke it:

"Come on-n-n-n-n-n, you Aladdin," she began to call. "Come on. Come on-n, you good horse. Come on-n-n-n-n! Attaboy, Caparelli, attaboy!

"Hold him—hold him!" As Aladdin came forward to Charivari's quarters—then up to his girths—then on to his withers—her voice rose higher and wilder:

"Hold him—hold him! Hold him, kid—you've got it in the bag!

"Hold-d-d him—"

Charivari was giving his last ounce and his boy was hard at the bat on him. Caparelli was still hand riding. They were up to the stand—in front of it—with less than a dozen lengths to go. The crowd gasped as Aladdin made it an even thing in five and the two horses were latch to latch.

"Hold him—"

Then suddenly Sylvia's voice was a mad scream:

"Now!" she shrilled. "Now, kid—NOW-W-W-W! Unwrap him—shake him out!"

Her father's face turned gray-white as the horses tore across the finish line with Aladdin leading by a clear head. He tried to speak. He swung toward Sylvia.

She backed away from him, but facing him. Her eyes were streaming with tears.

"Laugh it off, father. Please laugh it off. It's only a horse race."

Then she saw Cliff. He held out his arms to her and she stepped into them without a word. Her head went to his shoulder—lingered there—was lifted from it; and again she spoke to her father. But she was smiling:

"And now laugh this off, too, father. You may as well. You must—because it's forever."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—As it should be.
2—The bottom of the sea.
3—South Dakota.
4—A narcotic preparation made from hemp in the Orient.
5—A legal marriage, without titular and property transmission to the wife and children, of a man of title to an untitled woman.
6—The Congregationalists.
7—In Boston, Massachusetts.
8—An electron.
9—Maine.
10—Removal of the vermiform appendix.
11—The ancient Aryan language of India.
12—The executive, legislative, and judicial.
13—Charles Lamb (1775-1834).
14—The thyroid.
15—Ponce de Leon.
16—Geneva.
17—An instrument used to record earthquakes.
18—Red, white, and blue.
19—The keeper and driver of an elephant in the East Indies.
20—The strings, wood winds, brasses, and percussions.

JUMPY NOSE?

WHEN LIFE IS JUST ONE GREAT BIG SNEEZE . . . WHEN YOUR EYES ARE WATER-FAUCETS AND YOUR THROAT IS LINED WITH TINY FEATHERS . . . THERE IS ONE CIGARETTE THAT STILL GIVES YOU FULL TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

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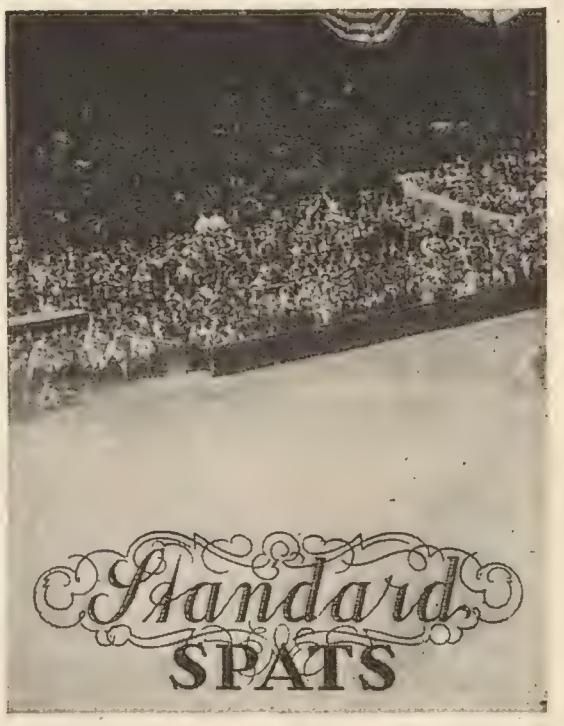

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KNICKERS and Knitting

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

LADIES (and Gentlemen, if any there be who scan this page): I take great pleasure in announcing that the sports mode is on the run. For two years sports clothes have been as unyielding in their adherence to a standard as the Winged Victory or Queen Mary's hats. But this fall Paris throws the staid old recipe of a sweater, a skirt, and a cardigan jacket out of the window and mixes a new and intoxicating concoction.

Its first and greatest charm is that it is handmade. The exclusive sports dress, suit, sweater, scarf, or what not, is made out of hand-knitted material, every inch of it, and we can prove it. Tweed? Oh, all right. But much smarter and better is the new tweed-tricot—in short, a hand-knitted tweed that is ravishing. Jane Regny has a knitted waistcoat that comes forward to replace the sweater. Patou has a Russian blouse. Worth has a net pullover. Talbot makes her sweaters part of a knicker-and-sweater ensemble that is getting a lot of expert attention.

Knickers to match the sweater are a feature of fashion, and give distinction to the Talbot sports dress above.

The new waistcoat sweater of Jane Regny, worn with a new type of sports costume.

Here is the Parisian interpretation of an automobile ensemble from Poiret, in tones of yellow.

This brings us down to a point we have been heading for—knickers. You may know that aviation sports clothes are in the limelight. I showed you an aviation costume awhile back in LIBERTY. Well, knickers are in, particularly and specially on account of this branch of sports chic, and under that cover Paris is putting knickers under the football sports frock, tennis, golf, and all the others.

Suzanne Talbot has a whole group of sports costumes for every known variety of sport, and each and every one of them is made with knickers under the skirt. She makes knickers, berets, scarfs, mittens, and sweaters of hand-knitted material, and they are the smartest sports accessories in Paris.

Suzanne Talbot uses the season's popular black and white for this hand-knitted sports ensemble. The skirt buttons on at the waist.

We present two examples of her sports costumes with knickers to match. The one in our first sketch, designed for football and named "Rugby," has a blouse of beige knitted wool with diagonal stripes in red, blue, and white. The skirt is navy blue, and opens to show hand-knitted knickers to match the sweater. The hat is a Talbot beret of knitted beige wool, and the belt is blue calfskin.

Our second sketch shows one of the new Talbot sports costumes with the scarf, knickers, and bloused waist made of black-and-white hand-knitted tricot. The skirt, which buttons on at the waistline, may be removed readily by the strenuous aviatrix. The Talbot hat is knitted in black-and-white wool.

Third comes Jane Regny's sports ensemble with a waistcoat sweater and jacket in beige-and-white tweed-tricot and a skirt made of brown-and-white tweed-tricot. High points in fashion are the high, leather-belted waistline, the low-flared gored skirt, and the waistcoat with its side-buttoned closing.

POIRET has designed some knockout costumes for automobiling. One of these is shown in our last sketch, and it is three-fourths hand-knitted. First comes the coat, which is a new kind of cape-coat, and cape-coats are all that there is to chic in the sports wrap.

This one is made of yellow-green tweed, with a bolero on the right side, which becomes a rounded cape on the left shoulder. The coat is lined with three shades of yellow tricot. The skirt is also in three yellow tricot bands, and the sweater is of yellow knitted material with a soft sling collar of yellow chiffon. The whole effect of color and style is extremely pleasing.

* * *

The new winter mode in Paris is being born in deep purple, which is one of the smartest new colors.

Worth's evening oxfords, made of black satin and silver, are having a great success.

Sports necklaces of braided wool in bright colors, with tasseled ends, are a clever invention of Cheruit.

Even Bright Angel Trail leads to a soda fountain and *the pause that refreshes*

A BIGHORN sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far-away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

On the rim of the Grand Canyon, in a wing of El Tovar Hotel, the little red Coca-Cola sign flashes its invitation to a cool and cheerful fountain—telling you how, when and where to pause and refresh yourself.

It had to be good to get where it is

BEAUTY Personified

By
EILEEN
BOURNE

Photo by DeMirjian Studios

The English blonde above is Vera Milton, who stands five feet three in the Sketch Book chorus.

At your right is "something different"—fascinating Peggy Conklin of The Little Show.

Photo by White

Photo by DeBarron

Vivian Porter (above) of the Show Girl chorus is blonde, five feet four, and weighs no more nor less than prescribed by standard charts for her height.

THE other half of the pretty-girl world that isn't trekking to Hollywood to get into the movies is hitch-hiking to New York to get into the chorus, it would seem.

At either end of the trail, it should be more widely advertised, the judgment of kind friends and family, traveling salesmen and local "kidders" is less than the dust. Casting directors, stage or movie, are neither relatives nor "kidders."

Sit in at one of the tryouts, as I have done, and watch the dispatch with which applicants are weeded out. Note that the "fairs" and "goods" are waved aside for another and still another eliminative test. Out of 300 applicants, ten may survive. Out of that ten, one "knockout" marks a triumphal day. This scene of beauty-vending is an experience in human vanity. The comedy that presses heavily on the lid of tears is there; the tragedy of misdirected ambitions and the pitifulness of taste grotesqueries, especially those of coiffures, leave you speechless.

The triumphant ones, as revealed in a survey of current musical shows on Broadway, are more often blonde than brunette, more often bobbed than long-haired. From seventeen to twenty-three is the average age. If of the chorus proper, they run from five feet three to five feet five. If show girls, they may rise to heights of five seven and a half to five eight. Curved? Yes. Athletic, vivid, school or college type preferred. And *smart* of carriage!

Photo by DeBarron

Ruth Morgan (above) of Mr. Ziegfeld's Whoopee is five feet seven and a half, blonde, hazel-eyed, and a perfect thirty-four.

Photo by DeMirjian Studios

Photo by DeBarron

Above is a Show Girl gem, Blanche Satchel. The wide-waved coiffure is favored by blondes.

Five feet eight as she stands at the left is Eileen Wengel of Earl Carroll's Sketch Book.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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"Where's Mama?"

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE 8-o'clock sun slanted into the dining room, stamping the breakfast cloth with gray crescent-shaped silhouettes from the yellow slices of honeydew melon. The waitress was crisping bacon on brown paper in the kitchen. The cook tested her fresh crumpets with a quivering broom straw. Oh, were they soggy?

With the help of a peevish soprano and a peppy tenor, Fate was fiddling a less domestic, marital score upstairs. Would it have a Reno finale?

"I wish you'd hurry," Lil yawned, tapping her finger tips against her lips. "You're ten minutes late putting on your collar, and I smell the crumpets."

This week's cover picture.

"Hurry?" Sandy asked. He twisted his chin to stare at her like a turkey spying for bugs on the other side of a fence. "You don't seem to be in a hurry. What d'you think you're doing? Posing?"

"Posing?" she flared, sinking deeper into the Nile-green pillows. "I'm taking things easy, that's what I'm doing. I bought this chaise longue at Flynn's August furniture sale. Twenty-two dollars. When have you ever seen me using it? Tell me how many—"

"Don't you use it for your afternoon naps?"

"NAPS?" The word popped out of Lil's mouth like an *ouch* in the dentist's chair. "Ask any woman you meet how many naps she takes in the afternoon. If she has a sixteen-month-old child, I know how many she takes. You can spell it with four letters."

"Nine?" Sandy asked, wishing he'd knotted his red tie ten minutes before.

"Knock out the *i* and put in an *o*, dearie," she told him. And she drew the pink marabou slumber robe right up to her chin. Tears glistened on her lashes.

Sandy drew on his coat in silence. Perhaps she felt ill? They always ate breakfast together. Breakfast was a sort of ceremonial. He felt sorry for lonely bachelors in one-arms, chewing on thick tough toast.

"Go down and eat," Lil murmured. "Set your watch right by your plate as usual. Drink all the coffee you want. Check up on the stock market. Swallow your eggs whole. That's what you always do every morning. I might just as well be a—be a—picture hook!"

"A what?" he asked. What ailed the woman?

"Picture hook. You heard me, too! I'm going to have my breakfast served right up here. Perhaps I'll get up at nine, or ten, or eleven. A leisurely breakfast with one of my Millicento cups. I'm sick of scurrying you off to the office. Chase, chase, chase!"

This sounded just like an echo in the Whispering Gallery. Sandy made a face at himself in the mirror. Then he made a quick exit and slammed the door—BANG!

Little Ulysses had spilled orange juice on his bib and pinched a finger in the tray of his green high-chair. He sat in the dining room, straight as a soldier, and dada-ed when Sandy sat down at the table.

Lil had a mental picture of the scene downstairs: The baby pounding with a spoon; Sandy's funny-shaped nose in the newspaper. Why, it was just as indelible as her vision of red bald heads perennially posed in the wide front window of the Union Club on Main Street.

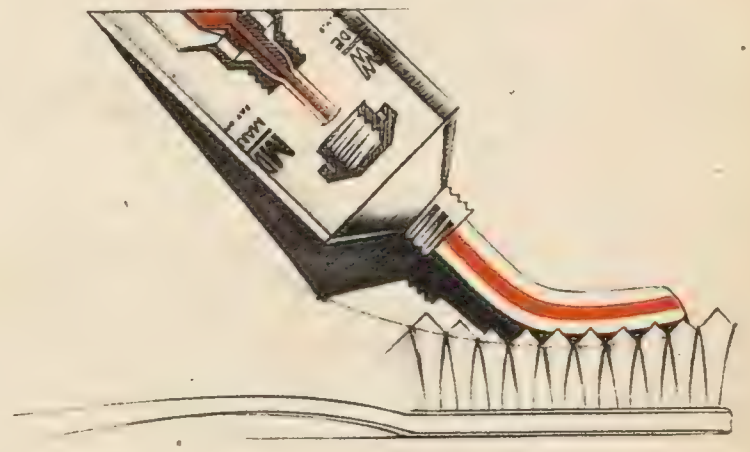
"Here," Sandy said, dragging one cuff over his honeydew. "Let papa feed you your nice cereal."

"Where's mama?" his sixteen-month-old wonder child piped right up. "Where's mama?"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Hen Party)

What is "fresh-whitener"?

It's that bright red cream that comes out on your tooth brush from its separate inner tube—in between the white creams. It's what tastes so good, with its tangy, tart fruit flavor. It's what whitens your teeth so remarkably, without scratching or abrasives. It's what New Mix has, and what no other tooth paste has — fruit whitener — fresh, separate, full strength at the moment of use.



SCIENCE discovered this new and different tooth paste by observing those brilliant white teeth which distinguish such beauties as the girls of the South Sea Islands, who live almost entirely on a fresh fruit diet. The difficulty was to get the same kind of fruit whitener full strength into a tooth paste. This was solved by the exclusive inner tube of New Mix, delivering the whitener fresh, full strength. When this has done its work of stain removing, the white creams do their work of hardening the gums, helping prevent decay, and leaving your mouth sweet, fresh, fragrant, cool.

Send the coupon for trial size tube. Then ask your mirror!

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Rudolph Valentino in The Eagle.

Valentino

The Life Story of "the Sheik"

In A Sainted Devil, a failure.

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IN last week's installment, Miss St. Johns advanced her story to the verge of the rupture between Valentino and his second wife, Natacha Rambova, who was his great love, and to whom he had virtually given full control of his screen career and his enormous vogue as the idol of feminine movie fans.

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE third act of the marriage tragedy of Rudy Valentino and Natacha must be laid at Palm Springs, California, in the early spring of 1925.

Somehow I always see them there, facing each other in the big room of the ranch house, while outside the wind swept the desert sands against the great rocks and bent the giant palms into weird, threatening shapes.

Outside, nothing for miles but desert and rocks and black palms against a hot sky.

Inside, a man and a woman meeting a crisis, when love tried to keep a foothold amid passions and emotions as violent as the storm without.

Rudy, in riding clothes, desperate, striding back and forth, shaken to the very depths. Natacha, white, still, her hands motionless on the arms of her chair.

Alone there in that house, alone in the desert which they both loved—yet divided.

The thing that had happened was sudden and totally unexpected to the woman. The man had been battling it, dreading it, for a long time.

The powers in the motion-picture industry had spoken.

A marvelous contract had been offered to Rudolph Valentino. The company offering it was made up of all the stars he most admired, all the stars who ranked royally beside him. A fortune dazzling in its proportions went with it. Everything a star could ask for in the way of backing, of surrounding artists, of freedom, went with it. Oh, a contract perfect in every way.

But there was one clause in it which was, to Rudy, like a death's-head at a feast.

Mrs. Valentino must have nothing more to do with the making of Valentino pictures. She must not be present on the set. She must not be included in conferences. There must be no interference on her part in the plans or the shooting of Rudolph Valentino productions.

It was an ultimatum. An ultimatum delivered by a quiet, kindly man with shrewd eyes, who knew all there was to know about motion pictures and who spoke with the voice of final authority. Being who and what he was, he spoke not only for himself but for those few men who together controlled the motion-picture industry. Moreover, he was a man wise not only in the ways of banks and box offices, but of human hearts as well. He had chosen the right moment to speak.

"It is best so—for everybody," he said, very gently, across his big desk to Rudy and George Ullman.

In the corridor outside they stared at each other. Rudy's face was white—white beneath the dark skin.

"What shall I do?"

"That you must decide for yourself," said his best friend, who had decided so many things for him.

"Just what does it mean—if I refuse?" said Valentino.

Ullman shrugged. "You know Joe Schenck," he said. "What he says, he means. You have had now two very bad pictures—and all this upset about The Hooded Falcon. I think it means—"

"I must do as they say or—I am off the screen again, eh?"

"Perhaps that. Certainly you do not make pictures for United Artists. And that is, of course, where you should be. And Rudy, my boy, when you think of it—do you blame him? Others, too—"

He stopped and their eyes met. Both were thinking of a scene not long before in another office with another producer, J. D. Williams. The contract with Williams had been broken because Williams had refused to make Mrs. Valentino's story, The Hooded Falcon. Williams was not so tactful as Joe Schenck. He had said what he thought.

What he had said that day about Mrs. Valentino had brought Rudy roaring across the room like a madman. Ullman had stepped in; prevented an actual combat. But Rudy had refused to talk further. He had flung out of the room, calling back over his shoulder, "I don't care what you do. Only don't let that man dare mention my wife again!"

Yet all Mr. Williams had said was that he couldn't go on making pictures with Rudolph Valentino if Mrs. Valentino wore the pants in the family.

GEORGE ULLMAN put one hand on the boy's shoulder. He adored Rudy, as so many people did who were close to him.

"You must decide this for yourself," he said.

Rudy nodded, shook hands, went out, his hat down over his eyes. The great car he drove leaped into life under his hand, wheeled out of the driveway, and began the long journey to Palm Springs at a mad, reckless pace. At the wheel Valentino sat with his eyes glued on the ribbon of road, staring into the past and into the future. A dark mask—the mask the whole world knew from The Sheik—was on his face, and behind it his brain throbbed in an effort to find out what had happened to his happiness and to his love dream.

For there could be no doubt that, little by little, the love dream had faded. He still loved Natacha to madness, he would always love her, until they laid him away in some dark, cold place where he could no longer love—and even then he would reach back across the intervening gulf and seek for her.

What had he not done in an effort to make her happy? Wherein had he failed, that for months he had seen her love gradually dimming? What sacrifices he had made to keep the peace, to keep her contented!

Had he failed in the little things?

He knew he had not, and looked down with hungry eyes at the slave bracelet that she had given him and that he had worn always in the face of ridicule and criticism of every kind, and that he would wear into his grave because she had given it to him.

No, always he had remembered. Why, he had even remembered the things she had wanted when he couldn't afford to buy them for her, and he had gone back later to get them—things like the crystal watch he had given

P. & A. photo

Rudy himself, as he looked in his last few weeks on earth.

her at Christmastime. He loved her and his thoughts were always of her.

Happy hours of their first days in Hollywood came back to him. How close they had been—how they had enjoyed being alone together for little picnics in the hills!

Was it in the big things?

But no—even in those he had striven always to make her happy. That was why—and the thought was very

As Juan Gallardo in Blood and Sand.

bitter to his hot young pride—that was why they said in Hollywood, even to his face, that she wore the pants in the Valentino family. It wasn't that he had not been man enough to dominate her. It was that he had never tried.

He was too young and too much in love to realize that perhaps just there he had made his mistake with this particular woman.

What had come between them? What had divided them, brought about this confused unhappiness that he saw growing daily, and that those close to them, like George Ullman and even Natacha's own Aunt Theresa, saw also?

THERE could be only one answer. Natacha's ambition. Oh, he could not blame her. Did not, then or ever. But it seemed to him that for months she had been putting art, work, pictures, before their married life. She had never been the sort of woman who cared about being a wife in the accepted sense.

The Hooded Falcon! Her story for him that had absorbed every bit of her. The studio. Pictures. They came first. And as he drove through the solitary desert a great solitude descended upon his spirit — for he knew that in his heart he had wanted far different things.

So they faced each other. He told her. The Hooded Falcon, her great dream, would never be made. He must go alone.

But the end was not quite yet. They found a compromise, because he still battled to keep her. She should make a picture of her own, to prove to everyone what she could do. People thought she had failed, because A Sainted Devil and Cobra, the pictures on which she had had absolute say, were not good pictures, were wrong pictures for Valentino and had not been popular.

Well, he would give her the money to make a picture

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VALENTINO
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all her own. He still had power enough to get her a release. She should go on with her work.

And so they took up their separate roads—Natacha Rambova to make that fatal picture, What Price Beauty, Rudolph Valentino to begin work on The Eagle, his first starring picture for United Artists.

There can be no question that he hoped they might continue to live together and work apart. Without even looking at it he bought the beautiful new home she selected. He began plans to make of it a home such as she had always desired.

But Natacha Rambova never lived at Falcon Lair.

Rudy staved off the end as best he could. But in his heart he must have seen that it was inevitable. Natacha had lost all interest in him. She was completely wrapped up in her picture. Her indifference to him was painful to everyone who saw it.

The Ice Maiden had returned.

Rudolph Valentino believed absolutely that he could never have been happy without Natacha Rambova.

Yet it was as sure as fate that they could never be happy together. With her, many things were paramount to love. With him, love was always first.

"If I ever marry again," he said to me the last time we ever talked, "I shall not marry an American. Certainly not a professional woman of any kind. I shall never know great love again. Mine was ill-starred, but it was the highest anyone can know. I do not expect to feel so again ever or for any other woman than Natacha. But I should like to marry—oh, some nice Italian girl, who could make for me a home, give me children, think of me only as her husband, not as Rudolph Valentino. For this Rudolph Valentino fellow does nothing but get me into trouble. Sometimes I think he is my—my jinx."

Rudy's last farewell to Natacha Rambova in August, 1925. He never saw her again.

WHEN Natacha had finished What Price Beauty—which, by the way, was an abysmal failure, perhaps because it was too advanced for the public taste—there could be no further doubt.

Gossip was rife on every hand. Misery was a constant guest in the Valentino home. Everything that could be done by friends to patch the thing up had been done. It was hopeless.

Natacha wished to go away.

So, in August, 1925, began the famous marital vacation. They would try living apart for a while. They would not be separated or divorced. They would have a vacation from marriage.

So she left him. At the station he clung to her; kissed her over and over again. He ran along beside the train, gazing up into her face. He could not seem to bear the parting.

Perhaps he knew in his heart that he was never to see her again in this life.

But it is strange, is it not? His rival was herself—her own ambition, her own desire to achieve. The serpent that crept into their paradise was her love of power.

No doubt of it. That was what Rudy thought. That, I am sure, is what the ever courageous, disdainful, strong Natacha Rambova would admit. She had always the courage of her convictions. To her, her art and her work came before all else. Placing them there wrecked a marriage she had never sought and had gravely feared.

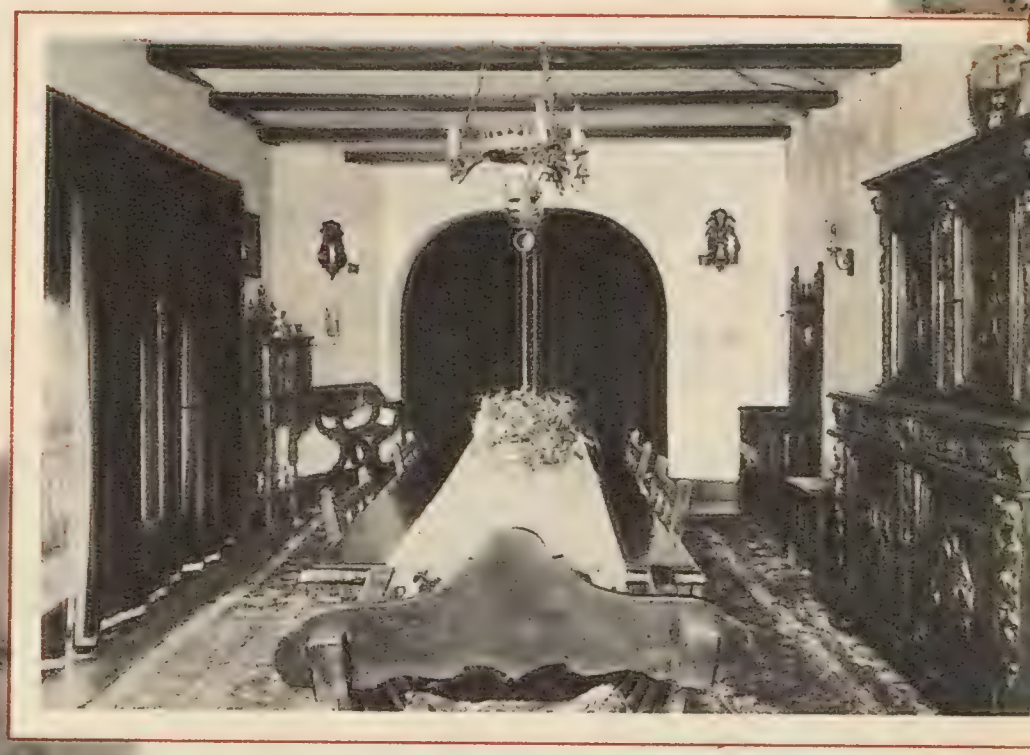
Natacha Rambova is in many ways a great artist. Some day we shall hear of something really remarkable that she has done. But as for me, I think she simply did not love Rudy—ever. Not as a woman can love. For when a woman really loves a man, even a woman like Natacha Rambova, other things take a secondary place.

The great lover of the screen had the strange misfortune to love only one woman and perhaps the only one who could not wholely respond to his love.

And now began the time when Rudolph Valentino most nearly lived as people in general thought he always lived—when he became for a time the screen sheik off the screen.

He tried to forget.

And since men no longer retire from the world to seek forgetfulness, Rudy plunged into a period of trying to live so fast that he wouldn't have time to notice that his heart was broken. He wanted, like many another man, to drown his sorrows in wine, woman, and song.



The dining room in Falcon Lair, the home Rudy's wife never shared with him.

Natacha had been gone only a short time when he knew that she would never return. That was over—his love dream. Well, there were, no doubt, other women in the world; there was merriment, laughter, adoration, flattery, beauty. He would seek them and forget, would still that awful ache that never left him.

A year and one week elapsed between the time Rudy said good-by to his wife and the time he said good-by to all things human.

It is a rather beautiful thing, in this day and age when the marriage vows sit so lightly upon many people, to remember that from the time he first met Natacha Rambova until she left him Rudy had never looked at another woman. The world's greatest matinée idol, who received thousands of letters every week from women, who was the target for their wiles and their flattery at close range and at long distance, was an absolutely faithful husband.

In Hollywood, where everyone knows everything about everybody, we all knew that Rudy never even strayed for a moment outside his marriage vows. Not the slightest breath of gossip ever connected him even momentarily with a flirtation.

Then, suddenly, Natacha was gone. Rudy vanished from sight for a week or two. No one saw him. No one, except George Ullman, knew where he was. He came back—a different Rudy. Ready for anything.

He began to be seen everywhere with his exquisitely beautiful new leading lady—the blonde Vilma Banky, but recently arrived in Hollywood from Hungary. You saw

Falcon Lair as it looked when Rudy bought it.

them dancing together at the Coconut Grove, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. On Sundays at the Beach Club he lay in the sand at her feet.

He made a parade of his devotion. Oh, it was quite exciting! Quite as though he continued the wooing of The Eagle and Son of the Sheik after the cameras had ceased grinding. As though the great Valentino was still playing his part.

But Vilma Banky, with her broken English and her slow smile, just happened to be as wise as she was lovely.

She looked at Rudy and saw the fever back of his black eyes, saw the agony back of his wildness, and very sweetly she brought him out of his pose of the adoring lover and made of him a friend. How Rudy needed a woman friend just then! Vilma was gentle with him; she let him weep his grief out and tried to soothe and sympathize with him.

But his grief was still too hot for that.

He became for a time a familiar figure about such night life as we have in Hollywood—which is little enough, heaven knows. One pretty girl and then another. At parties, unbelievably gay, always the last to go home, dancing, laughing, faultlessly groomed. Never certainly had he been so—I almost said, devilishly attractive.

Falcon Lair, the house he had bought for Natacha, had been furnished gorgeously, exactly as Natacha herself would have furnished it, and he had moved in there. Physically he was keeping himself in marvelous shape, though he was drinking more than he had in the past—more as Americans drink and less like an Italian brought up to regard wine as casually as food. He had always made a great fad of physical condition, had developed his body by careful work, but now he was always at it—boxing, riding, swimming, running, fencing. It was as though he dared not sit still.

I SAW the beginning and in a way I saw the end of the famous Pola Negri romance.

One particularly glorious Sunday in the early fall I was spending the afternoon at the beach home of a motion-picture star. There was a crowd about. In a big chair in the bow window sat Pola Negri. All in white, with white kid Russian boots on and a white fox fur slung over one shoulder. Very quiet, her eyes inscrutable. I wondered what she was waiting for. I wanted to go over and speak to her—but somehow I was afraid to.

Then my hostess whispered in my ear. Pola was waitting for Rudy. They had, oddly enough, never met. And suddenly it had occurred to the imperialistic Pola that she wanted to meet Rudolph Valentino. Pola is like that. So she had intimated her royal wishes and Rudy had been asked. But he didn't get there and Pola was angry.

A few nights later, at a gorgeous costume ball given by Marion Davies, I saw them introduced. Pola had come as The Czarina. Very beautiful she was, too. Rudy had come in the full Russian regalia of The Eagle. Miss Davies presented him. Rudy bowed deeply. Pola gave him a white, ringed hand and he kissed it. They danced together and somehow the floor cleared so that they were dancing almost alone. Everyone loved to watch Rudy dance, and Pola in her glittering robes made a perfect partner. Her long, gray-blue eyes were raised to his, daring, inviting, challenging, and I saw his black ones narrow as he looked into them.

Heavens, what a picturesque couple they made! How

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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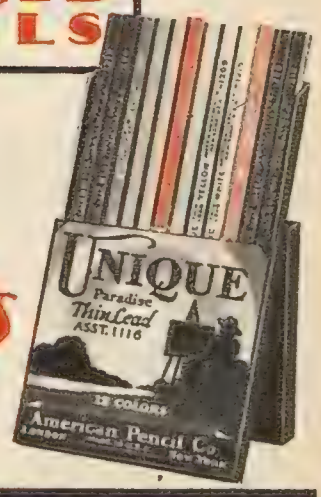

A VENUS Pencil Factory Product

Photo by Bentley, Los Angeles

This crowd was drawn in Hollywood by a revival of The Four Horsemen.

[VALENTINO
Continued from page seventy-one]

they fitted! How the great Valentino and the great Negri seemed to belong in a great romance! No wonder everyone immediately paired them.

Yet just as sincerely as I believe Rudy loved Natacha, I do not believe that he ever loved Pola Negri.

Oh, he was fascinated. What man lives that wouldn't be fascinated by Pola, with her beauty, her gorgeous wit, her facile mind, her intense knowledge of love and life? She filled a great need. She made him forget—almost.

His home life was very unhappy. He had brought his brother and his brother's wife and their son to live with him at Falcon Lair—hoping to build for himself a real home atmosphere such as he had known in the old country.

He gave them everything, turned his house and his servants and his cars and horses over to them. But he did not find in them the companionship he craved.

He did find much of it, much joy and delight of every kind, in Pola and in her beautiful home. He didn't find peace and quiet there, of course. But he had not come to the point where he was seeking peace and quiet. He wanted the mental stimulation that Pola could give. He wanted the excitement, the emotional swiftness that always surrounded her. And he got it.

THEY quarreled. They kissed and made up. They lived at the top of their emotional natures. A passion that swept Rudy along on its turbulent course.

That way lay forgetfulness.

He made a hurried trip to Europe and had, so he told us, a grand time. But it is noticeable that he did not go to any of the places that he and Natacha had visited together. This time there were no long wanderings through Spain, no hours spent in museums and picture galleries, no quiet ramblings amid the beauties of the Old World.

Rudy saw the gay life of Europe. There was a girl in London—there was a famous beauty in Paris—there was a titled Englishwoman. Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Mrs. Jean Nash were his companions on many a jaunt along the Parisian boulevards. Money melted through his fingers and he cabled George Ullman for more. And Ullman got it for him. What did a few debts matter if Rudy was enjoying himself? For no one knew better than this best friend the corroding sorrow that still lay beneath all this wild and youthful splurging.

When he came back, he and Pola were together again and there was talk of their marrying some time in the future. Rudy was silent. Pola laughed. There was never the slightest chance of their marrying.

Things between them had become hectic enough. A beautiful Englishwoman of title whom Rudy had met in London followed him to America and arrived in Hollywood. Rudy admired her greatly. She had been kind to him in London. He repaid her hospitality by entertaining for her. One night at a dinner in his home Pola found a picture of the English lady in a frame in Rudy's study. There were, to put it mildly, fireworks.

Pola, so the guests insist, slapped Rudy's face.

Maybe she did. Maybe she didn't. At any rate, the quarrel was sufficiently noticeable and Rudy was annoyed. The confusion of it all, the swift pace, the continual upset, were beginning to get him. The last picture, Son of the Sheik, had been a terribly difficult one. The story had gone wrong in the beginning and only the fact that he at last had his favorite director, George Fitzmaurice,

Rudy in The Four Horsemen.

with him had kept Rudy from going quite mad. When it was finished he left for New York.

"I've got to get away from everything," he said, when I saw him one day at the studio.

I wanted to tell him then that he could never get away from himself. I wanted to tell him that you carry such fever and torment as lay in his eyes within yourself and that comings and goings will not alter it.

But he had flung himself into the whirlpool and could not get his feet under him long enough to think. Restlessness had seized him and rode him day and night. No time to think. No time to remember. Life hustling and jostling him. People pulling him hither and thither—his family, Pola, the studio, all turbulent and restless.

It would have taken a stronger and an older man than Valentino, with his eager, easily aroused emotional nature, to find himself after a great sorrow in this labyrinth of excitement into which he had strayed, without himself realizing how such things grow in strength.

Remember, there had been nothing in Valentino's life to give him the strength and philosophy to meet this situation. Twelve brief years had passed since he had landed in America, a youth cast alone upon the world. Those years had been full to the brim. They had been so full that he had had no time to learn the very lessons they might have taught him. He was still, as men go—stop a moment and consider the men who have accomplished, who stand at the peak of big affairs today—very young, just turning thirty. He had built his whole life, his whole belief, his whole religion, upon someone else, upon a woman, and she—so far as he could analyze in the midst of his suffering—had failed him. He never blamed her. To the very last he would have fought anyone who had ever dared to blame her. But he never really found himself after his separation from Natacha.

With Vilma Banky in Son of the Sheik.

U. & U. photo

Arriving in New York for the last time.

VALENTINO was not an unusually strong or an unusually thoughtful man. He was a simple, honest soul with a great yearning for the good and beautiful things of life, and a hot, emotional nature that made the fleshpots enticing. His mind had vivid, pleasing phases that made him companionable to men of intellect. His greatest charm lay in his modest naturalness, his spontaneous emotions, his generosity and unselfishness.

To New York he went, unable to remain at home, unable to stay quietly in one place. Pola came down to the station to tell him good-by. Ah, that little old red brick station in Los Angeles, with its solitary ugly palm! How many sad farewells it has seen—how many tempestuous greetings! The same station in which, months before, Rudy had said good-by to Natacha.

Then he had been sad, fearful, running beside the train for a last look at the face of his beloved. Now he was all eagerness, all excitement. A crowd of friends had come to tell him good-by. There were cameras and newspaper men. He shouted merry farewells.

"I'll be back soon," he said.

Pola stood back, watching him. Tears came when he kissed her. "Oh, Rudy," she said, "I am sad, sad."

"I'll be back soon," he repeated.

Neither of them guessed the manner of his return.

New York welcomed him wildly. Son of the Sheik was a riotous success. He attended the opening and was received as few men have ever been received. Celebrities flocked about him. Crowds clamored at his heels. Society fought to entertain him. With it all he was as delighted as a child. And as simply natural. He wanted to do everything at once. The nights were for play. The days, too.

And his constant companion, after the first few days when his name was linked with that of a Follies beauty whom he had admired, was—Jean Acker! The girl whom he had married and who had left him so long ago. They came together again very sweetly and naturally. He found in her the only moments of quiet and of sympathy anyone could give him. Often they drove out into the country, talking of life and of all the things that had happened since the days when they had been together.

"I never had any woman friend as kind as Jean," Rudy told George Ullman. "She is an understanding heart."

And he insisted that she be included in all the invitations he accepted.

THE weather in New York was terrific. The city lay weltering in a maze of dripping, suffocating heat. Storms of thunder and lightning, nerve-racking and violent, broke about the buildings. Everyone suffered. It was impossible to sleep, impossible to feel at ease.

I had hidden myself from the lightning behind drawn curtains one afternoon when there was a knock at my door and Rudy came in.

Three vivid pictures I shall always have of him. The day he told me of his engagement to Natacha. The day at the studio that I first saw him after she had gone away. And that hot, sultry, horrible day in New York, pacing up and down the small sitting room of my suite at the Ambassador, the beads of sweat pouring down his face, his eyes still fevered and restless.

It was plain that he had come because he couldn't bear to be alone for even a few moments. His nerves were taut as a violin string that is about to snap. When the windows rattled with the crash of the thunder, he would wince back from them and then grin, boyishly ashamed.

What he said to me that day would be secret had he lived. But it was so close to the end that it belongs by right to this estimate of the man who was worshiped by such multitudes of people.

"Life is a terrible thing," he said suddenly, almost to himself. "I am afraid of it. I have everything—and I have nothing. It's all too—too terribly fast for me. Where am I? What am I? What is all this about? Where am I going?"

He had been terribly, bitterly hurt by the editorial of an unknown writer in Chicago who made fun of him and said he used a pink powder puff. It was, in a way, merely the culmination of that hurt which Rudy always carried because many men disliked him, looked down upon him as the king of the gigolos.

Probably he was ill even then. It was, I think, only

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VALENTINO
Continued from page seventy-three]

a few days later that he was taken to the hospital.

He spoke of Pola. "A wonderful woman," he said. "A superwoman. The greatest actress of our day. And—so much that is fine underneath. She would give you—what is it they say?—her last dime, the shirt she wears."

"Are you going to marry her?" I asked. Everyone was asking it, you know.

"If I ever marry," he said slowly, "it will be a girl of my own people. I should like to have—a home, and children. But somehow I don't think I shall ever have them. Maybe—when I am much older. Then I shall go back to Italy, and live in the country somewhere, and have a wife like my mother and maybe some babies. Not now. Not here. Not while I am in this business.

"Life," he said, and as he looked at me his eyes had that blind look that sometimes came to them—"life is too fast for me now. A man should control his life. My life is controlling me."

He went and drew back the curtains for a moment. The rain sluiced down in torrents and a great jag of lightning cut across the black sky.

"A man should marry only for two reasons," he said. "One is for love. I shall never love anyone but Natacha. The other is for a home and children. Perhaps some day I shall do that."

He dropped the curtain and turned and went out without saying good-by.

And I sat alone and thought of Rudolph Valentino and women:

Mrs. de Saulles, who had taken his boyish worship and given him nothing because he asked for nothing.

Jean Acker, who had married him to escape her own destiny and then left him to bear the brunt of her desertion for many years, but who in the end had repaid him with a real friendship.

Natacha Rambova, the beloved. The woman who had made and molded him, controlled the whole channel of his life and being, and then left him.

Pola Negri, who had caught him up as he strayed madly seeking forgetfulness and carried him along the swift stream of her own hectic emotional life.

And without, the world of women who had idolized him, who had given him success and yet branded him somehow in the eyes of men so that he had to fight bitterly to assert his own manhood in the world of men.

That simple Italian boy who had just closed the door between me and the sight of his haggard, unhappy face—Rudolph Valentino, the prey of women, the victim of a great love.

JUST what the doctors called his illness, just what the operation was that had to be performed so suddenly, does not now matter. That was physical. In view of his superb condition and the health that seemed to glow like an aura about him, it seemed unbelievable that he could be struck down so swiftly.

Spiritually, I think he had burned himself up with that internal unrest, that fever which had never seemed to leave him from the moment he kissed Natacha good-by until he lay so very still, so very white and worn, upon a white bed in a white hospital room.

Jean Acker came and stood a moment beside him, and kissed his brow. The friend.

George Ullman, pathetic, brave, wounded as a man can be by the death of a friend he loves, was there. Joe Schenck, tears streaming from his wise eyes, and his beautiful wife, Norma Talmadge, saw for a moment that white face.

"Did I go through it like a man, not like a pink powder puff?" asked Valentino, as he came back from the "little death in life," the anæsthetic.

So deep had gone the scorn of other men!

A priest came, a gentle-faced, quiet-voiced priest. And Rudolph Valentino said the prayers his mother had taught him, and in the faith of his father cleansed his soul of sin.

Flowers poured in. Telegrams came in yellow streams. They brought the slightest smile to Rudy's lips, burned with pain. Even then, he remembered to order that the flowers should be sent to other sufferers.

Consultations of doctors such as attend a king in his passing.

Friends. Priests. Great doctors. Flowers.

The world held its breath, loving him, wanting him to live. In churches everywhere, people knelt and prayed that Rudy might live. Rudy, who had given them so much of brightness and glamour and romance.

THE world held its breath and prayed—and yet he died alone.

So alone.

For his eyes, even as they grew blind, were always upon that closed white door. Even when he drifted into the seas of delirium, he faced toward that door.

Whom did he strain his eyes to see? Who did he pray might open that door and come in and hold his hand that he might not pass alone across the narrow border into that other world? He never spoke her name. But his hand continually touched the slave bracelet he had never taken off since her fingers fastened it upon him.

Does he seem very lonely to you in that last moment? Without the wife he had loved, without mother or father or child? Ah, there was no warmth then to the glitter of success, and not even the love of the world could reach him!

He wanted, as every man wants, to lay his head upon the breast of the One Woman, that he might find there that courage which man finds nowhere else.

It was only at the very last that he turned from that door and looked at the window, where the dawn light began to filter through.

The faithful friend, George Ullman, tiptoed across and started to pull the blind.

"No," said the broken voice, and it grew stronger. "No. Don't shut out the light. I want more light."

The prayer of every honest soul.

That was all he ever wanted—Rudy—more light.

Those who still pray for him, and they are many, need pray in no other words, need pray for nothing but that he may have—wherever he is—more light.

Men no longer die of broken hearts.

They are out of date now.

We would laugh if anyone suggested such a thing. We are very hard-boiled, very sure about those matters in this day and generation. We do not expect great loves, noble loves, deathless loves any more.

But if this had all happened in the days of chivalry, in the great days Rudolph Valentino loved and looked back to, the days of Romeo and Juliet, of Launcelot and Guinevere, of Dante and Beatrice, they might have said that the Great Lover of our day had died of a broken heart—as a Great Lover should, perhaps.

THE END

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

The Game of LIFE

A Short Short Story

By JOHN COLOHAN

a chap from Colorado who roved sea and land as wartime wireless operator on destroyers and as railroad man, until his portable typewriter began to sound an occasional dollar note and his most cherished desire—to write fiction—was satisfied.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

LIFE was no good.

So mused Dan Farley, as wiser men had done before him.

Below, where the road lay like a ribbon tossed carelessly along the river's edge, the autos moved, splashing the dust as they passed. From this great height they were like grotesque insects. Hurrying. Dan Farley was conscious of a feeling of detachment, of immeasurable superiority. He had done with hurrying.

His was a sensible conclusion, coldly logical. Life, the Pollyanna boys were forever saying, was a game. So be it. A game then, wherein, winning, nothing was won, and, losing, everything was lost. Dan Farley had lost—a fact accepted without bitterness, without self-pity. The breaks had been against him. It did not matter.

The world, his little world, would call him a coward and a quitter, and forget him. That did not matter, either. It was only the part of wisdom to quit a game in which one was no longer interested.

He shifted his position. Odd, the fascination which great height had always held for him. Here was a thousand feet of sheer, almost unbroken drop. The last "kick" life was to offer. What a way to close the book! He moved a little closer. As a swimmer slips off a friendly bank into deep waters, he dropped.

His swift descent was checked abruptly. It was as though a hand had reached out to grasp him by the coat. The momentum of his fall hurled him inward against the cliff, crushing the breath from his body. His right arm brought up with smashing force against a jagged outcropping of rock. For a moment he dangled there absurdly; then his kicking feet found solid ground.

Lightning, flood, some malign agency of a jesting God had lodged a broken pine limb immovably in a crack on the torn face of the cliff. An outthrust branch had caught Dan Farley's coat—had held miraculously.

Hampered by the right arm, which he knew was broken, clinging meanwhile desperately to his precarious perch, Dan Farley began the removal of his coat. This accomplished, he checked up on the situation.

He was standing upon a ledge something less than a foot in width which extended for perhaps twelve feet along the front of the cliff. Above his head ran the crack in which the broken branch was lodged. He steadied himself, clinging to the limb with his left hand. The numbness had left his other arm; it was beginning to ache dully. A sharp pain in his side, coupled with a difficulty in breathing, indicated the presence of a broken rib or two.

He lifted his eyes. He had dropped less than twenty feet. Above him the face of the cliff was scarred with irregular fissure veins. By taking advantage of these an active man might climb almost to the top. But there, at the very top, the wall bulged outward. Here the difficulties appeared insuperable. For a man with a broken arm—

Here was a thousand feet of sheer, unbroken drop. What a way to close the book!

Coolly, deliberately, Dan Farley began the climb up the face of the cliff. Holding with his left hand to the pine branch, he started to kick a footing in the rotten fissure vein. Pain from the injured ribs stabbed him with every move; his broken arm hung useless by his side. Patiently with the toe of his boot he dug at the crumbling rock.

An hour had passed before he stood with his feet on the broken branch. He had made the first perilous step of his return. His side ached terribly. The throbbing right arm seemed swollen to twice its normal size.

THE sun, dropping down in the sky like a plummet, was at the cañon's rim by the time he had reached the point where the rock bulged outward. For a moment panic seized him with the thought that darkness might find him still hanging on the ledge. He fought for control.

Level with his eyes a dwarfed scrub oak clung tenaciously to the rocky wall. If, holding to this scrub oak with one hand, he could manage to take a couple of steps upward, there would be a slim chance that he might be able to throw his other arm over the top of the wall, and so pull himself up. But with one arm—

Closing his eyes, he lifted the useless right arm. Biting his lips to hold back a cry of pain, he placed the swollen, broken forearm behind the stunted tree, forced it down until it was wedged in the crotch formed by the tree and the rock wall. He tested it. The cañon walls reeled; a wave of nausea overcame him.

Sobbing, Dan Farley placed the weight of his body on the maimed right arm. It held. He lifted a foot, feeling for the rotten rock he could not see. His toe found a purchase. With infinite care and agony, he lifted the weight of his body. One step. Another. Desperately he threw his good left arm over the top of the cliff.

Panic then. The terrible fear that he might fail at the last. How he made that last step upward Dan Farley never knew. But somehow he pulled his broken body across the edge. For a long time he lay still. He was shaking violently from the reaction. He was suffering pain of a sort he had not known could exist. He smiled happily.

He had saved his life.

THE END

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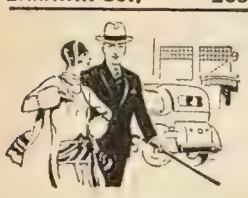

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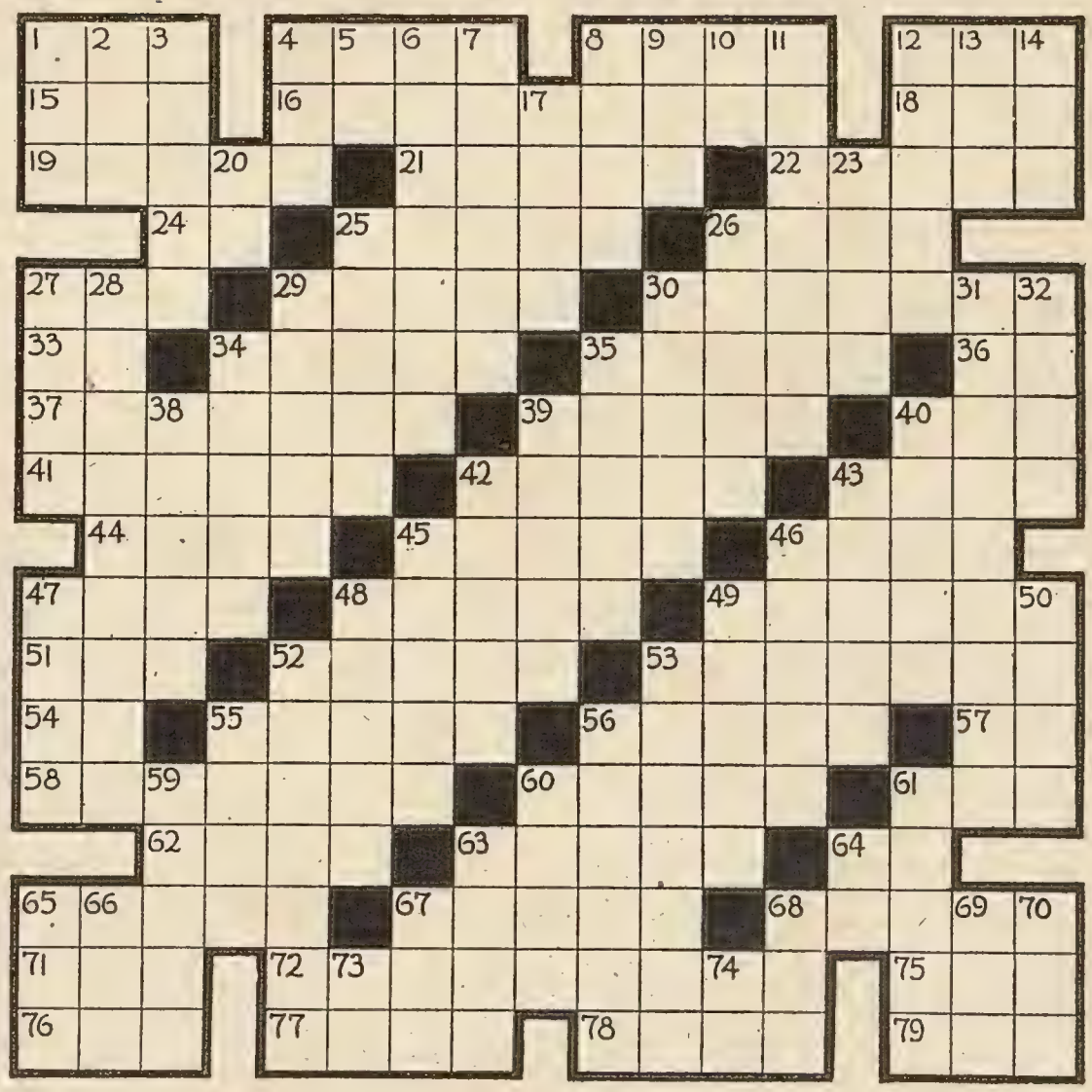
Two Puzzles for

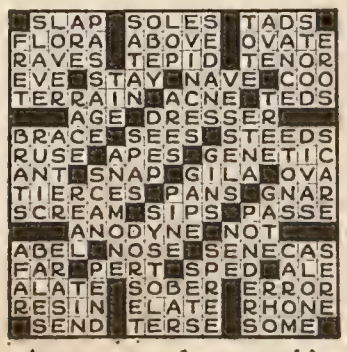


HORIZONTAL

1 Astern
4 Surrounded by
8 Relieve of tension
12 Pronoun
15 Title of respect
16 Deviates
18 A metal
19 Listened
21 Certain tides
22 Hurry
24 Prefix: down
25 Gray with age
26 An equal
27 Playing card
29 Heats
30 Trough or open box for fodder (plural)
33 River in Italy
34 Men or boys
35 Laymen
36 A Latin and French conjunction
37 Bore
39 Thin dress material
40 Japanese sash
41 Steps over a wall (plural)
42 Shouts; vociferates
43 Make indistinct
44 Anger (plural)
45 Parts of a skeleton
46 Prophet
47 Insects
48 Peeled
49 Disease
51 The thing (law)
52 Portals
53 Daytime performance
54 Printer's measure
55 Companions
56 Woman's name
57 Initials of a continent
58 Dressed
60 Mohammedan holy book
61 Dolt
62 Siamese coins
63 City in Kentucky
64 Small fish
65 Sticky substance
67 A saloon
68 Endow
71 Skill
72 Stand in place of
75 Greek letter
76 Mound
77 Declares
78 God of love
79 To steep

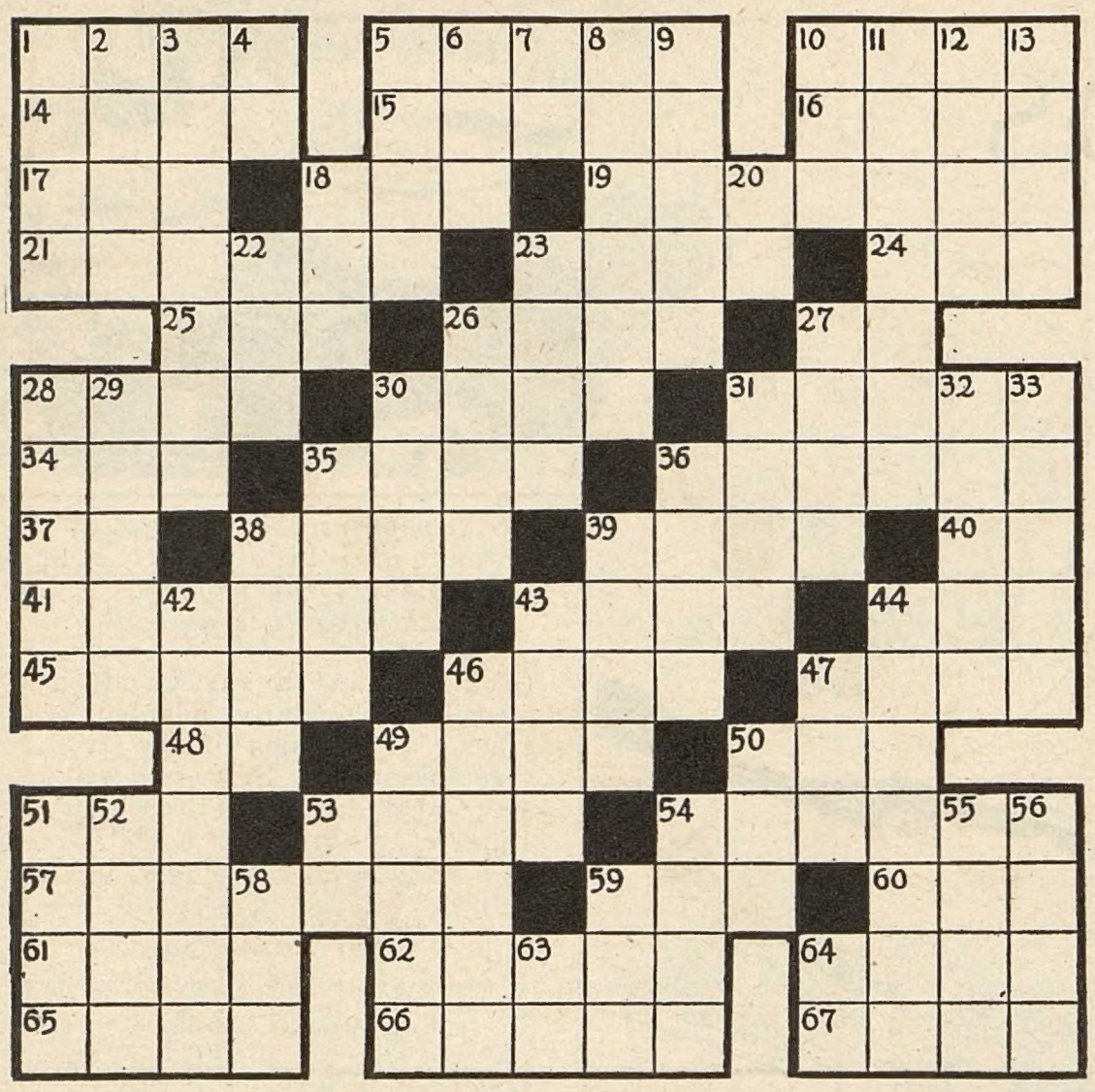
VERTICAL

1 A tree
2 For shame!
3 Commerce
4 Augment
5 Note of the scale
6 Willfully disregarded
7 Reveries
8 Perceive
9 Equine animal
10 Japanese measure
11 Perfume
12 Metric measure
13 Hasten
14 Termination
17 Part of the head (plural)
20 Note of the scale
23 Wooden fasteners
25 Drags
26 Buckets
27 Monkeys
28 A continuous extent of land
29 Goods
30 Posts, as a letter
31 Reëncumbers
32 Agitate
34 Hybrids
35 Cried, as a cow
38 Soils
39 Propeller blades
40 City in New York
42 Tiresome persons
43 Misrepresent
45 Lessened
46 Silk fabric
47 Extent of surface
48 Part of the head (plural)
49 Patagonian cavies
50 Affirmative votes
52 Hose supporters
53 Navigator
55 Fingerless glove
56 Sullen
59 Try the flavor of
60 Variety of cabbage
61 A viper
63 Puts on a basis of equality
64 Within
65 Appropriate
66 Form of to be
67 Search covertly
68 Pronoun
69 American Indian
70 Corrode
73 A deity in Babylonian mythology
74 Not



Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 Remain
5 Term used in connection with bowling
10 Obliterate
14 Wash
15 Hunter slain by Artemis (mythology)
16 In excess of
17 An area ten meters square
18 The young or recently hatched brood of fishes
19 Attendants
21 Woman's nickname
23 Native of Latvia
24 Born
25 One of the component parts of a railroad track
26 Strong wind
27 Printer's measure
28 A bird
30 Hawaiian wreaths
31 Bitter reproach
34 A color
35 Bewail audibly
36 General course of action or conduct in life
37 Form of to be
38 The young of the coalfish
39 Relatively satisfied
40 Brother of Odin (Norse mythology)
41 Freebooter
43 Cast
44 Sebaceous cyst
45 Metric measure
46 Climbing plant
47 Poet
48 Pronoun
49 Receptacle for holding liquids
50 Head covering
51 Silkworm
53 Go forth suddenly or rapidly
54 Fondle
57 Let fall or precipitate in drops
59 Large cask
60 Tear
61 State to be true
62 A tree
64 River in Siberia
65 Inhabitant of ancient Media
66 Rock
67 Fortified seaport of Arabia

VERTICAL

1 Dross of smelted metal
2 Any of several vetches
3 Avoided
4 Early form of a pronoun
5 Sensitive
6 Inspect curiously
7 Arboreal animal
8 Part of a spur (plural)
9 Growing out
10 Disease of sheep
11 A broad street
12 Dry and withered
13 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
18 Exclamation denoting disgust
20 Pronoun
22 A metal
23 Reclined
26 Trappings
27 To merit through effort
28 Envelops completely
29 Forgive
30 Learning
31 Appendage
32 On no occasion
33 Inclination in a particular direction
35 Companion
36 Responsibility
38 Remove the rind of
39 A shrinking back through fear
42 Surrendered or released, as a claim
43 To allude vaguely
44 Irrigated
46 Low fellow; knave
47 To exclude
49 Soft soapy mineral (plural)
50 Chinese dynasty
51 City in Holland
52 Rend asunder
53 Prefix: twofold
54 Heal
55 Trigonometrical ratio
56 Reach across
58 Italian word for three
59 Japanese measure of area
63 Perform
64 Note of the scale

A	R	A	B		S	A	M	A	R		S	P	E	D
M	E	L	D		T	R	O	P	E		P	A	L	E
M	E	T	E		R	I	O	T	S		E	R	S	E
O	V	A	L		A	A	R		D	E	T	E	R	
N	E	R	O	L	I	S		P	L	E	D			
		I	O	N		A	L	A	R		G	I	D	
S	A	R	D	S		A	M	A	T	I		O	D	E
P	L	Y		E	N	T	I	C	E	D		E	L	A
I	S	O		N	O	O	S	E		E	S	S	E	N
N	O	T		G	U	M	S		E	R	N			
		T	E	N	S		B	A	S	I	N	E	T	
C	R	A	S	S		C	A	R		P	E	R	I	
L	I	M	A		A	C	O	R	N		P	L	A	N
O	D	O	R		L	A	R	G	E		E	L	S	E
T	E	S	S		A	M	E	E	R		D	Y	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

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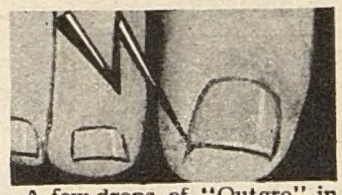

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Fall *and* Winter SALADS

By

ETHEL SOMERS

THE serving of salads with winter menus is a great boon in balancing the winter diet. Fruits and vegetables, particularly if served raw, are abundantly rich in minerals and vitamins. The meat, bread, and potato diet lacks these and has been proved harmfully deficient. A generous salad a day does much to relieve the worst of diets. In truth, salads add sunshine to our winter menus.

Try this pleasant form of extending the summer's abundance of health.

Green peppers boiled one minute in water and cold dipped are more palatable than raw peppers. At left, shaking lettuce quite dry.

Green Peppers in Salad

GREEN peppers are better for salad if boiled for three minutes and then dipped in cold water before shredding or chopping. This cooking allows only time enough to parboil, leaving the peppers crisp after cooling but not tough. Green peppers may be combined with any vegetable, meat, or fish mixture.

Salad Dressed at the Table

SALADS are crisper if dressed at the table. Wash one head of lettuce, endive, or other salad green, and dry well. Chill thoroughly and place in a chilled salad bowl. At the table sprinkle over the greens three tablespoons of salad oil, one tablespoon of honey or sugar, one tablespoon of vinegar, and salt and pepper to season. If a salad set is available, these seasoning ingredients may each be added separately at the table and the whole stirred until thoroughly mixed.

The advantage of dressing a salad at the table is that it will be refreshingly crisp.

Harlequin Vegetable Salads

ANY vegetable salad is better from a health standpoint if the vegetables are served raw. Such vegetables as carrots must be very finely cut to be palatable in this form. Cooked vegetables are better if boiled tender in a soup or meat stock and then marinated (that is, soaked in French dressing) before being combined. Such combinations of vegetables as carrot, turnip, tomato, and enough beet or green pepper to garnish, flavored with a bit of chopped leek or onion and dressing, becomes a truly delightful salad. You will find that fine grating of the raw vegetables and a gentle cooking in of the flavor of the meat stock will do much to enrich the salad flavor.

Grated Carrot Salad

WASH and scrape the carrots, then allow them to stand in iced water for one hour. Dry thoroughly and grate. (You will find a variety of modern utensils particularly adapted to the grating preparation of raw fruit and vegetable salad.) Serve cold well mixed with salad dressing (French dressing preferred). Garnish with a bit of green, such as parsley, celery tops, or minced pepper.

Macedoine Salad

6 medium white turnips
1 cup diced carrots, cooked
1 cup chopped raw celery
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

BOIL the turnips and cook until tender in boiling salted water or soup stock and cool. Scoop out about one-third of the center of each turnip and cut in small pieces. Let the turnip shells stand at least one hour in French dressing as they chill. Mix the cut-up turnip, carrot, and celery. Blend with dressing and fill the turnip shells. Arrange on crisp greens. Garnish with parsley.

Spinach Salad

1½ cups cooked spinach greens
4 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon butter
¾ teaspoon salt (omit if spinach was thoroughly salted when cooked)
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Hard-cooked eggs and tomato to garnish

CHOP the spinach very fine and press out the excess moisture. Add the lemon and onion juice, melted butter and seasonings. Thoroughly blend and pack into oiled molds. The egg to garnish may be molded with the spinach or arranged on top after molding. Remove from the molds on to a bed of crisp salad greens. Decorate with tartare dressing and slices of egg and tomato.

Grapefruit-Orange Salad

SEPARATE the fruit into sections. Free it from the membranes, but do not break the lobes. Arrange alternately three orange and three grapefruit sectors. Arrange in a fan shape or with the lobes overlapping. Top with mayonnaise which has been flavored with cheese (use one-half cup of mayonnaise to one and one-half tablespoons of grated cheese or two tablespoons of finely broken Roquefort cheese). Sprinkle the top with washed, minced mint leaves or pimiento.

VITAMINS and minerals are the food soldiers that protect the body from the siege of winter. Summon an abundant supply of these health protectors by eating more fruit and vegetable salads. An intriguing variety of salad recipes can be obtained by consulting Miss Somers' three LIBERTY cookbooks. They cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon when sending for them.

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